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The Valenian

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**THE
VALENIAN
1918**

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The Valenian



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Class of 1918*

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FOREWORD



AM the annual of 1918. I have no apologies to offer for myself. I am the result of the best efforts of my editors. Credit for whatever good you may find in me should be given to Edwin Szold, whose inspiration I am, and to those who have completed his work. I have been shorn of most of my original features; every detail which demanded additional expense has been omitted. My pages have been thinned until I am a mere skeleton or fragment of what I was intended to be. But this diminution was not without reason. The Red Cross of Porter County was short of funds; my editors were appealed to; and in behalf of that worthy cause it was decided to economize to the limit in my construction. Hence I stand today not alone as a monument to the genius but also to the patriotism and sacrifice of the class of 1918.

To
BENJAMIN F. SHAFER
Whose fidelity and camaraderie
have won our everlasting
remembrance, we dedi-
cate the Valenian
of 1918



John T. Moore

1918 VALENIAN BOARD

*Edwin Szold,
Editor-in-Chief*

Ruth Jesse
Assistant Editor

*John H. Sievers, Jr.
Business Manager*

*William Sergeant
Athletic Editor*

*Doris Campbell
Joke Editor*

*Thomas Johnson
Art Editor*

*Vera Conover
Photo Editor*

*Ruth Maguire
Society Editor*

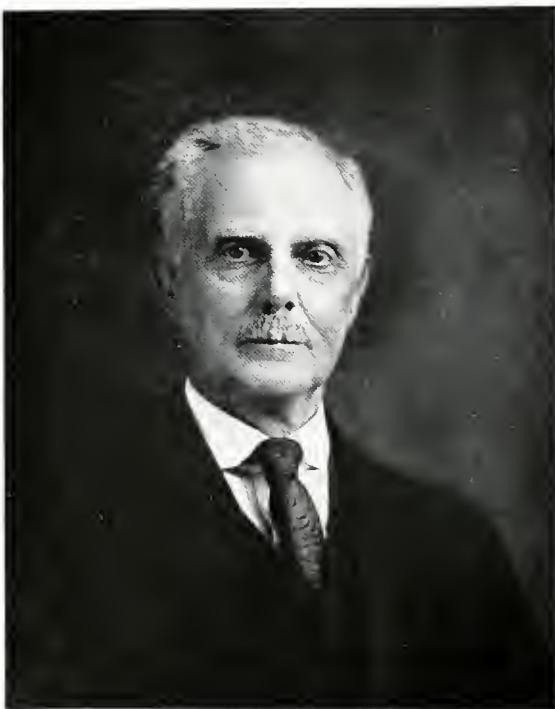
DIRECTORS

Gretchen Marquart *Maurine McCord*
Albert Cloud

FACULTY SUPERVISOR

Miss Mabel H. Benney

FACTILITY



C. W. BOUCHER
Superintendent of Schools

Ten



H. M. JESSEE, B. S.
Principal

MINNIE C. McINTYRE
Assistant Principal



MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW
Domestic Science

BENJAMIN F. SHAFER, B. S.
Science

BERNIECE REYNOLDS, A. B.
History



ELLA BROOK
Domestic Art

CLAUDE O. PAULEY, B. S.
Mathematics

MILDRED ARCHER
Music



MABEL E. YOUNG
Commercial

G. T. LEACH
Manual Training

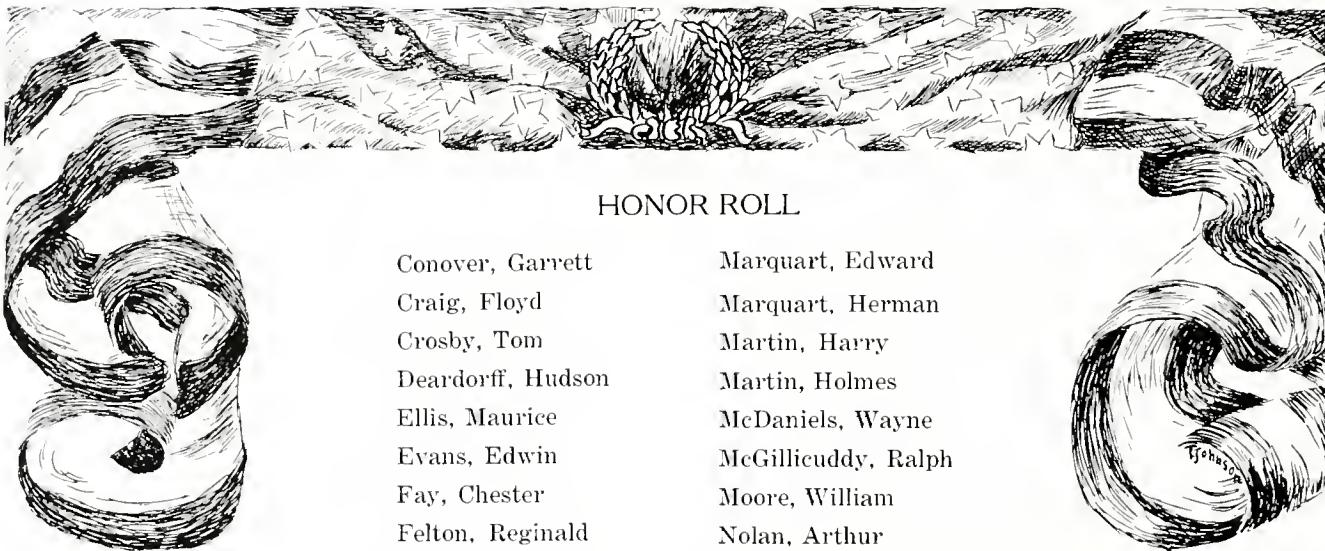
OLIE WELTY
Latin



HELEN M. BENNEY, Ph. B.
English

WILLIAM LEMINGER
German
Camp Forrest, Georgia

MRS. LU S. BROOKE
Clerk



HONOR ROLL

Bartholomew, Harold	Conover, Garrett	Marquart, Edward
Benton, Thomas	Craig, Floyd	Marquart, Herman
Berry, Carl	Crosby, Tom	Martin, Harry
Brown, Forest	Deardorff, Hudson	Martin, Holmes
Brown, Clarence	Ellis, Maurice	McDaniels, Wayne
Bradley, Joseph	Evans, Edwin	McGillicuddy, Ralph
Bullock, Ennis	Fay, Chester	Moore, William
Bundy, Lester	Felton, Reginald	Nolan, Arthur
	Funk, Neil	Parks, Ralph
	Gardner, Clarence	Payne, Erie
	Gardner, Joseph	Ritter, Harry
	Hamilton, Phil	Runyan, Jason
	Heard, Glenn	Schneider, Carroll
	Herrick, Donald	Schneider, Clarence
	Herrick, Lane	Sieb, Floyd
	Johnston, Edward	Smith, Niles
	Lawrence, Percy	Smith, Byron
	Lembke, Leslie	Steward, Harrison
		Stinchfield, Melven
		Stoddard, John
		Themansen, Earl
		Thurman, Fred
		VanNess, John
		Wilson, Wood
		Wolf, Kenneth



SENIOR CLASS ROLL

OFFICERS

Albert Cloud, President
Winifred Seymour, Vice-President
Jesse Pratt, Secretary-Treasurer

COUNCIL.

CLASS COLORS—Cherry Red and Olive Gray

CLASS MOTTO—Climb though the rocks be rugged

CLASS FLOWER—Sweet Pea

Margaret Altemiller
Florence Atwell
Luther Block
Litha Ballenger
Esther Clapper
Myrtle Claussen
Albert Cloud
Doris Campbell
Vera Cole
Vera Conover
Cecil Davidson

Charlotte Daskam
Charles Dickover
Estella Freeman
Clifford Groome
Arthur Gruenert
Geneva Holman
Helen Herrick
Thomas Johnson
Ruth Jessee
Ruth Kelly
Florence Knapp

Robert Keeler
Oliver Loomis
Marie Lisle
Ruth Maguire
Maurine McCord
Jennie Miner
Gretchen Marquart
Elizabeth Noble
Marian Osborne
Jesse Pratt
Mark Stoner

John Sievers, Jr.
Herman Schroeder
Edwin Szold
Winifred Seymour
Arthur Steward
Edward Sierks
William Sergeant
Irene Thompson
Dorothy Thompson
Mildred Wyman



ELIZABETH NOBLE

As her name signifies, she is a girl of high and noble ideals. Although we have known her but a year, she holds a high place in our estimation, and we gladly claim her as a member of the class of '18.

EDWIN SZOLD

When Muggsy discarded his little bow tie, we thought he had permanently thrown off his youthful follies. It soon appeared however that he was only making a change for something worse—namely—"Bubbles". Muggsy's favorite pastimes are "hothand" and running the Buick.

Editor-in-Chief.

WINIFRED SEYMOUR

Winifred is the picture of perfect health. Her dignity and mein are well suited to her as Vice-President of the Class of 1918. It is due to her skill in cooking that we have had such delicious eats at the class parties.

Winner of Oratorical; Class President.



CECIL DAVIDSON

Although Cecil prefers Rex Beach to William Thackery, he is right there when it comes to explaining the mechanism of a gasoline engine or a double cylinder air pump. He also showed up the rest of the fellows by working for three months in the Tin Plate.

Winner of Oratorical.

RUTH JESSEE

She is the girl who stars in every attraction, does more than her share of work and still has time to aid the stumbling freshman. Ruth supplied the "Brains" of this book after Muggsy's departure.

Junior Vice-President; Assistant Editor; Oratorical.

EDWARD SIERKS

Despite Ed's marked tendency to court Sommus in Civics, he is really an energetic and capable lad. When he isn't looking up some reference for Miss McIntyre, he can be found around the Phoenix Club.

Basketball.



ESTELLA FREEMAN

Although Estella has worked hard during her four years of High School she has had sufficient time to develop a pleasant personality. She is a conscientious student and seldom is found wanting in her classes.

ALBERT CLOUD

The fact that Al has been elected president of our class in both our Junior and Senior years bears witness of his character and popularity better than anything we can say. He has always been a leader in all our activities and is a friend of every one in the class.

Class President; Football.

MYRTLE CLAUSSEN

Myrtle has always added "pep" to our social gatherings by her good nature and lively ragtime. She made the old gym ring with syncopated melodies for the dance after the oratorical.



JESSE PRATT

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pratt! Pratt! Pratt!

We certainly are proud of Jess as a representative of V. H. S. Besides being one of the best athletes ever graduated from our high school, he is as clean cut and sportsmanlike a fellow as can be found any place.

'17-'18 Class Treasurer; Basketball; Football.

DOROTHY THOMPSON

As blithe and fair a maid as e'er you've seen. Dorothy with her quiet way and friendly smile has won many true friends during her high school course.

ARTHUR GRUENERT

Art says the only thing he doesn't like about high school life is note books. He is a plugger however, which he conclusively proved by working on the Pennsylvania section gang during a week of twenty below zero weather.



LITHA BALLENGER

We can very fittingly say regarding Litha, that her voice is, "gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman". Just the same Litha doesn't waste many words and what she does say is worth listening to.

ROBERT KEELER

Aside from Bob's unconquerable desire to place thumbtacks on his fellow classmates' seats, he is a very desirable citizen. He has a truly senatorial dignity, which we think he acquired from the "movies". Anyway it is very becoming. Ask Charlotte.

Football.

CHARLOTTE DASKAM

Although Charlotte is of a very amenable disposition she has a sharp wit and woe to him upon whom her ire doth fall. She has already chosen her profession and the class takes great pride in announcing her debut as "Pavlowa II".



GENEVA HOLMAN

Geneva, one-half of the Holman Lisle organization, is perhaps the most accomplished culinary artist in the class and because of her reputation she is constantly placed upon the "eats" committees. She is, however, a willing worker and never shirks a responsibility.

CLIFFORD GROOME

Clifford has the distinction of being the smallest boy in our class, but like our Physics proportions, his mind varies inversely with his magnitude. His tireless energy and constant application have won a place for him near the top in all of his classes.

MILDRED WYMAN

Even though Mildred is a very quiet and modest young lady, she is known as a loyal supporter of the class. But bear in mind, she's never gloomy and can appreciate the joke—even at her own expense.



IRENE THOMPSON

Irene claims one-third of the stock of the Thompson, Clapper, Tofte Co. Her delicate sense of humor is surpassed only by Esther. Her mischievousness in Chemistry has forced Prof. Shafer to add a few gray hairs to his Whitened (?) Locks.

THOMAS JOHNSON

We state without the slightest hesitation that V. H. S. has never produced a person who is Tommy's equal in artistic talent. The fact that he is a genius however does not prevent him from being a good mixer; and, whenever a group of the fellows is seen in one corner of the assembly, it is certain that Tommy is telling one of the famous stories.

Staff Artist; Oratorical.

RUTH MAGUIRE

Ruth is one of the especially gifted members of the Senior Class. Besides having a gentle disposition, her accomplishments are many. Last year we feared we had lost this valuable asset of our class but she has returned to graduate with us and has lent a willing hand to all class activities.

Society Editor.



FLORENCE KNAPP

Florence is studious and quiet, but always cheerful. If you feel "down and out" a glance at Florence's cheerful face will make your spirits rise. Florence has furnished music for several of the High School entertainments.

OLIVER LOOMIS

Ollie has such an aristocratic air of conscious superiority that we can never gaze upon him without reflecting upon the degeneracy of the rest of the human race. A vivid imagination and an excellent power of expression are the other characteristics with which he has entertained the Vergil Class.

Student Council; Oratorical.

VERA COLE

Whenever any of the under-classes men is in doubt whether it was Caedman or Cynewulf, who wrote "The Phoenix," he just asks Vera. She is undecided whether to be an architect or a teacher of physical culture, but whatever she decides upon, we are sure she will succeed.



RUTH KELLY

"Kelly" has a bubbling enthusiasm and lively animation that is positively fatal to all gloom within a radius of sixty meters. Her ambition in Chemistry was to aggravate the "prof."

WILLIAM SERGEANT

Kaiser's appetite for publicity is as insatiable as Al's for "Life Savers". Nevertheless and notwithstanding Bill has proved one of the most loyal, staunch supporters of the class and has been a great factor in making our high school social life a success.

Basketball; Athletic Editor; Football.

DORIS CAMPBELL

Doris is the queen of gloom-killers. She and "Kelly" were the "Kemistry Kids". She certainly looked after the joke box well.
Joke Editor.



JENNIE MINER

Jennie, long famed as an artist and brilliant student is well known for her generosity and willingness to do for others. She is willing to sharpen a mere Freshie's pencil half a dozen times a period.

LUTHER BLOCK

Although Luther is as unassuming as is possible for any Senior to be his unfaltering loyalty and optimism have been the more conspicuous on this account. He has, moreover, been one of the most faithful contributors to the Joke Box in times of greatest need.

FLORENCE ATWELL

Florence's chief claim to distinction is her ability to evade being called upon, but when she is questioned, she responds with alacrity. She seldom speaks but when she does, pay attention!



MAURINE McCORD

Maurine's brilliancy in Physics and Mathematics is as well known as Croart Prince. When she leaves, V. H. S. will lose a loyal supporter, a willing worker and a talented young lady.

JOHN SIEVERS, JR.

To John's zealous management is due the financial success of this year's Valenian. Although John hasn't much time we know he uses what he has in writing "south". His favorite diversion is running the "fliver" truck. Business Manager; Basketball; Football.

HELEN HERRICK

Hy, because of her total lack of affection, is one of the most likeable of our Senior girls. She is exceedingly reliable, in fact, she has but one flaw in her character—her passion for "Emmy".



VERA CONOVER

"Look pleasant, please". Click. "That's all." And your picture is taken. We might also say that the advice, "look pleasant," is quite superfluous when Vera is around.
Photo Editor.

CHARLES DICKOVER

For four years, the freshmen have looked at Charlie, wishing they could walk across the assembly room with his ease and lack of self-consciousness, attempted and failed. As to his dancing, well Carlos Sebastian had better watch out for his laurels.

GRETCHEN MARQUART

The attractiveness of the opposite sex appeals to Gretchen. She is a girl of many moods and talents. Her singing has charmed many a High School audience, her reading, the English class, and her intellect, the Chemistry class.



MARIAN OSBORNE

Marian is a jolly, companionable sort of a girl. Her ways are ways of pleasantness. She finished her work in the V. H. S. at the close of the first semester but returned to enjoy Vergil.

Oratorical.

ARTHUR STEWARD

To a casual observer Art seems to be of a pugnacious character, but upon closer observation one is positive of the fact. Art's only failing is a tendency to roll around under the reporter's table with some aspiring forward. He also distinguishes himself in his studies and is "some physicist".

Basketball.

ESTHER CLAPPER

Although Esther has never taken any instructions in art, she could give any painter a few points in camouflage. Judging from her humorous giggles in the English VIII class, she must have a very delicate sense of humor.



MARIE LISLE

To be good is to be happy—Marie must have discovered this at a tender age for we have never found her otherwise. She always wears a calm and contented expression.

HERMAN SCHROEDER

Mike has an irrepressible good humor and a contagious laugh, which is more difficult to resist than the song of the Sirens. Since he has outgrown his fatal passion for Freshmen girls he has been one of our most exemplary Seniors.

MARGARET ALTEMILLER

This maid has a smile and friendly word for every one. Although Margaret cannot resist the temptation to whisper in the assembly room, she stands high in the estimation of the faculty and her classmates.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



IT SEEMS but proper and natural that at such a turning point in the history of our class, one-nine-one-eight, we should pause and look backward.

First let us go back twelve years when in the first primary grades our history really begins—when we made our first stab at knowledge. Yes, we are forced to admit that Arthur Gruenert with his manly bearing, was once a member of the chart class and we hear also that Oliver Loomis learned that “two and two make four” and that “all sugar is sweet”. Slowly and surely we advanced through the grades and departments; Irene Thompson learning to giggle, Charles Dickover and John Sievers proving all the time a problem to their teachers.

Finally in the fall of 1914 we found our names on the Freshman roll. Then it was we began to feel important and indeed we had a right to feel so for was it not the girls in the class who made the Senior girls angry by taking their dear little boys away from them and was it not the boys who put an end to the hazing in the V. H. S.?

Because there was no class organization, our functions were limited during the first two years. However in the spring of our Freshman year our Botany class took many trips to the woods and especially one long remembered hike about three miles east on the Grand Trunk tracks. We did not intend to go swimming, but all at once it seemed as though a whole lake had descended upon us. In English IV, after faithfully drilling in the art of public speaking, we were rewarded by being allowed to have a dinner at which to present our after dinner speeches.

Finally we reached that stage in our career where we were honored by the name of Juniors and at this time we

thought we knew more than all the rest of the school put together. In the fall of 1916 the High School was organized into separate classes. We met and chose as our President, Albert Cloud. The first social function of our organized class was a weenie roast at Flint Lake. Such were our high spirits that sand tasted as good as weenies. Because of her great anxiety regarding the event, Esther Clapper forgot to supply her jitney with gasoline and almost had to leave Miss McIntyre to walk home. During Christmas vacation we had a Junior-Senior party at which everyone received some very valuable present purchased at Woolworth's. The climax of the Junior year came when we gave the class of 1917 a picnic at Flint Lake and a few days later a reception.

At last we have reached our Senior year, but the word “Senior” seems no greater than any other class name, now that we have attained that rank. This year has been devoted mostly to study and many of us have burned gallons of oil studying Trigonometry and College Algebra; our Civics class has enjoyed several trips to court and our Latin class has started many heated arguments regarding the story of Aeneas. Our English class had a chicken dinner to celebrate the last of our happy days together and at last came the time to vote for the prettiest girl and handsomest boy of the class, of which occasion we had formerly heard so much.

Although there will be many more noteworthy events, we must end this story; and from our past history leave you to judge concerning our future. We sincerely hope that next September the lower classmen will miss us and the faculty begin to realize that a brilliant class has gone forth to win honor for its Alma Mater.

—Marian Osborne.



WHEN WE WERE JUNIORS

Thirty-four



1918 HONOR ROLL

HE Senior Class of 1918 proudly unfurls a huge service flag with three glowing stars; one for Floyd, Peanuts, and Jay. We miss them all—Floyd's cheerful grin, Peanuts' healthy good nature, and Jay's personality and yell leading. But we are proud of these three patriotic high school boys, as proud as we can be for they have shown themselves to be every inch the stuff we wish our high school to represent. They are now devoting the same ability and energy to Uncle Sam that they formerly employed in their school work. They have unhesitatingly followed the path where duty beckoned and have shown themselves prepared to make the supreme sacrifice. May the rest of us be no less courageous when the time comes for our decision.

O Valpo boys in khaki clad,
So young, so lightly touched by years,
We late deemed each but as a lad
Who now have left us vex't by fears.

'Twas only yesterday it seems
You mingled in our boyish fun,
While now, inseparable from our dreams,
We see you shouldering a gun.

O Valpo boys, of heart so true,
We love, respect, and honor you.

—Edwin Szold.

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

OFFICERS

Mark Loring, President
Ruth Moe, Vice-President
Chester Kulp, Secretary and Treasurer

COUNCIL

Gretchen Specht	Harold Pomeroy
Ruth Parks	Mark Loring
	Ruth Moe
	Grace Mooker
	Alberta Miner
	Harriet Newland
	Myron Peck
	Harold Pomeroy
	Ruth Parks
	Delilah Ridinbough
	Lois Seymour
	Gretchen Smith
	Gretchen Specht
	Lillian Thaysen
	Wilma Thurman
	Luella Tofte
	Agnes Webb
	Ruth Webb
	Robert Winslow

Paul Bartholomew
Mildred Boyer
George Bennett
Harold Card
Mildred Chaffee
Mary Arden Crumpacker
Linnett Casbon
Kathleen Dee
Lillian Gruenert
Florence Griffin
Bernard Hershman
Alice Heard
Chester Kulp
Esther Lindholm
Mark Loring
Agnes Matt
Kathryn McWhinney

UNWOR



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

HE Junior Class may be compared to the ancient Normans. On our pages of history we read of an unpolished, uneducated race of people pushing their way into France, eager for new conquests and willing to fight their way to victory. We are told how the people felt in awe of them and with little hesitation granted them new fields. They were an extraordinary people and in a little over a century we see them grown from an unpolished, untrained race to one of the most brilliant, polished peoples of Europe yet they still maintained those excellent characteristics of their early life,—impetuous daring and cool, practical sense. Noble ideals seemed to be inherent in this race and these needed only to be brought out by education and proper surroundings.

And so it was with the Junior Class when its members entered the first grade. Although they were wanting in polish and education, which all first graders lack, still this class was an exception, in that its members were so eager

to advance and explore new subjects that everyone stood aside and allowed them to march on. Indeed it was not long before the class was looked upon as one of the most polished and brilliant in the entire school, and, like their prototypes, the Normans, their success may be attributed to their "impetuous daring and cool, practical sense", which may well be considered their most prominent characteristics.

Not only did this class attain these victories but, like the Normans, they have retained them. Of the ten members of the Student Council the Junior Class has furnished the two councilmen-at-large as well as their two individual representatives. Two of its members are on the basketball team. It is this class that has sent the greatest number of boys to the army, and has surpassed the other classes in buying Thrift Stamps. Although these successes have been achieved, this class has no intention of resting on its present laurels but hopes to attain its acme of success in the year 1919.

—Harriet Newland.



Thirty-nine

IN MEMORIAM

HARRINGTON HUGHES SCOTT

—1920—

Born February 22, 1902

Died February 16, 1918

*“But Oh! fell Death’s untimely frost
That nipt my flower so early.”*

—*Burns.*

SOPHOMORE



MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '20

OFFICERS

Carroll Sievers, President
Walter Hiltbold, Vice-President
Lowell Dowdell, Treasurer

COUNCIL

Helen Schleman	Clair Maxwell	
Ellen Arvin	Helen Hansen	Earl McMillen
Grace Brummitt	Walter Hiltbold	Lois Palmer
Hazel Butler	Werner Hiltbold	Thelma Passow
Newell Campbell	Mary Jessee	Franklin Riggs
Mary Cobb	Hazel Johnson	Rossman Sawyer
Lillian Darst	Herbert Krull	Helen Schleman
Emilly Dilly	Richard Leetz	Ella Schroeder
Olive Dolson	Helga Lindholm	Carrie Mae Sergeant
Lowell Dowdell	Clair Maxwell	Oliver Steward
Lewis Fenton	Kathryn Maxwell	Loleta Shirer
Charles Foster	Mildred McCord	Bruce Stansell
		LeRoy Stansell
		Dorothy Tousley
		Wayne Wellman
		Lenora Wheeler
		Opal Williams
		Jesse Wright
		Edith Wyman
		Carroll Sievers
		Marjory Chaffee
		Myra Bartholomew



Forty-three

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

In nineteen hundred and sixteen
On the first of September
There happened to the Class of Twenty
An incident they'll remember.

—x—

As we passed into the assembly
On that autumnal day
We all had one big feeling
To return to the old 'Eight A'.

—x—

As we filed up and down the rows
To find our seats in there
We were besieged from every side
By each senior's rigid stare.

—x—

Our fright of course soon left us
And we got down to work
And ever since we've been here
Our motto's been, 'Don't shirk'.

For this honorable sophomore class
The school has great respect
For if it wasn't for Walter Hiltbold
A new forward they'd have to elect.

—x—

They went to the school board one day
The sophomore class, by chance,
From them they received permission
For the high school in the basement to dance.

—x—

We have had two masquerade dances
And the costumes were something sublime
And everybody who went to them
Said they had one peach of a time.

—x—

We've been here now for two long years
And the honorable we achieve
And if we keep a-hammering it out
We'll win yet, we believe.

—Franklin Riggs.

FRESHMAN



FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

OFFICERS

Thomas Morony, President Hulda Ruge, Vice-President
Edith Small, Secretary and Treasurer

COUNCIL

Arthur Cloud

Ruth Blachly

Emerson Adams
Valeria Alt
Leland Adams
Harry Atwell
Vera Bickle
Dorothy Bartholomew
Bruce Bornholt
Anna Boryczko
Joseph Boryczko
Jeanette Bowman
Myrtle Bundy
Ruth Bell
Herman Casbon
Anna Christy
Marjorie Cole
Atwood Collier
Andrew Collins
Stephen Corboy

Charles Coyer
Gladys Dilie
Merele Dowdell
Warren Dee
Harry Dew
Helen Edwards
Katherine Ellis
Carl Erea
Ruth Fredericks
Helen Green
Fred Holst
George Hautt
Frank Horn
Mildred Jordan
Vera Jones
Beulah Kline
Mildred Kull
Mary Kinney

Josephine Labrecque
Harriet LaMar
Byron Loomis
Kenneth Lawrence
Alta Lisle
Bartlet Marimon
Vernon Martin
Laura Neet
Maude Pennington
Edna Pierce
Blanche Porch
Inez Pierce
Muriel Rosenberger
Charles Scott
Otis Sanford
Wallace Sherwood
Mable Sholes
Fannie Stevens

Phyllis Stinchfield
John Watts
Dorothy Williams
Florence Williams
Roger Wilson
Grace Winselman
Ethel Winselman
Vivian Worstell
Fred Wulff
Lola Belle Shatz
Autumn Bartholomew
Leland Bundy
Fred Christy
Dorothy Dee
Earnest Lembke
Dorothy Maudlin
Arthur Mains
Velma Miller

Russell Nixon
Elizabeth O'Connor
Howard Oldham
Constance Parker
Cecil Rathman
Mildred Ritz
Mary Sanford
Isador Simon
Randall Shepard
Frances Tilton
Loucille Wheeler
Lael White
Blanche Winnieger
Dorothy Weinhart
Elizabeth Wyman
Merr'l Whitner
Marvin Baird



Forty-seven

THE FRESHMEN



RESHMEN, yes freshmen, we have not all had the good luck to be seniors yet and own the earth, or Juniors, able to walk proudly up the aisles and ignore all inferiors, or even Sophomores (who, we hope, will grow wiser the longer they live), we are just submissive little freshies. Not one of our number has tried to inform his fellow students on the necessity of "Achieving the honorable" or of "Hammering it out". We have not even dared to lecture on the conservation of clothes.

We appreciate and humbly thank the President of the Student Council for explaining to us the meaning of motto and slogan; and the yell master's kindness in giving us a chance to cultivate our voices by adding our trembling notes to the mighty tones of the upper classmen in the school yells will never be forgotten.

As our history is to appear in the Valenian, we shall make it brief as possible to leave room for the greater

lights. Our three parties were quite successful for freshmen parties. Of course they were not like the very exclusive affairs of the Seniors, or the extravagant spreads of the Juniors; they were merely freshie parties. We have been active in our humble way in all the work that the rest of the classes have undertaken; we have bought Thrift Stamps, have earned money for the Y. M. C. A., and have rooted like good fellows for our team at all basketball games of the season.

There must be greatness among us, for next year we shall look down on those who enter the south door from Eighth-A and remark, "These must be kindergartners". A year later some one of us will be captain of the basketball team; and, though it now seems impossible, in our midst no doubt, is a senior president for the class of 21, an editor of the annual, and a winner of the Senior oratorical.

—Katherine Ellis.



THE TRIAL

T WAS the night of May twenty-second and the assembly room was packed to its utmost capacity. The spectators bore a look of intense gravity and from the general atmosphere one could easily divine that some business of more than usual importance was before the court of the Student Council. The buzzing of whispered conversation pervaded the room and snatches of conversation occasionally rose above the even hum of voices.

"The prisoner? Oh, that's Schroeder. Yes, he was accused of copying a Vergil paper of Al Cloud's. Guilty? Of course he is. Miss Welty caught him with the goods all right; not a chance for an acquittal." Thus, much like the crowd in the Old Bailey, the assembly whispered on.

But now President Loring calls the case; the members of the Council acting as jurors take their respective seats upon the platform and a sudden hush steals over the assembly while the preliminary ceremonies are performed. Nothing worthy of note occurs at this time except that the prisoner pleads "not guilty" greatly to the surprise of the spectators.

Now the witnesses for the plaintiff are called and Art Stewart, John Sievers, and Muggzy Szold solemnly swear that the defendant is a villain of the blackest type and a dangerous person to be left at large. The testimony of these prominent individuals evidently makes a marked impression on the jury and the barometer of the prisoner's

hopes falls another degree. But now the star witness of the prosecution is summoned before the court and Miss Welty testifies that she found the prisoner, Herman Schroeder, with a copy of Albert Cloud's Vergil translation along with a facsimile in his (the prisoner's) own handwriting.

The evidence seems overwhelmingly against the prisoner and the spectators are surprised that he does not confess and beg the leniency of the court. But he persists in his seemingly stubborn folly.

Now the witnesses for the defense are called and Albert Cloud, William Sergeant, and Jesse Pratt all vouch for the honesty and integrity of the defendant. This undoubtedly offsets the evidence of the first three witnesses of the prosecution but the evidence of Miss Welty is unshaken and it seems impossible that the prisoner can account for the Vergil paper being in his possession.

The prisoner is now arraigned and the jury, most of whom already have pronounced a mental verdict of "guilty", cynically prepare to listen to his plea. The prisoner advances to the center of the platform and with a husky voice trembling with emotion he speaks:

"Fellow students: I realize that I have been accused of a despical offense but, although circumstances seem to sustain the accusation, I do not despair of proving my innocence to the world and of regaining my former immaculate reputation. If you will but attend me closely I am confi-

dent that I can now once for all clear my name of the stigma of dishonor which now overshadows it.

The morning of that fateful day upon which I was accused of copying a fellow student's paper I came to school early with the sole intention of preparing my Vergil assignment for I am naturally of a diligent disposition and never fail to prepare this lesson by my own efforts. As I approached this temple of learning I observed that Albert had already arrived.

He greeted me with the salutation "Got your Latin?" I was forced to confess that I had not as yet prepared my lesson upon which the generous minded boy immediately responded, "You can copy mine".

I assure you, classmates that when he made this suggestion in such a matter of fact tone, in fact as if he were accustomed to making me this offer, the hot blood mounted to my cheek and a dull red tint suffused my countenance.

"Albert", I said, suppressing my indignation as well as possible, "Thank you very much, but I am capable of getting the lesson myself".

As soon as I had uttered the words I bethought myself of his sensitive nature and fearing that I had offended him I added, "But if you desire me to correct it for you I shall be highly honored".

Al readily acquiesced to my suggestion and, having taken the document to my seat, I decided that after I had prepared my own Vergil for the day I should correct his. This program I began to carry out, but after studying a few minutes I realized that Al might want his paper so I decided to correct his first.

But now comes the incident which though seemingly

insignificant is fated to change the course of my whole narrative. I neglected to state, I believe, that Albert has an excellent handwriting while my own, I must confess the deplorable fact, is far below a high standard of excellence. As I casually glanced over Albert's beautiful writing a wave of remorse swept over me and I deeply lamented my inadequacy in this art. I pondered over this for some time, turning over in my mind those gems of thought which have come from the lips of our respected faculty from time to time concerning this accomplishment until at last I could endure the mental torture no longer and decided to ameliorate my penmanship at once. Acting on the impulse of the moment, (you know I have always been of an impulsive temperament) I seized the pen and decided to practice at once.

After vainly seeking for a pattern (a vitally essential thing) my eyes lighted upon Al's manuscript which I decided upon as the best available pattern. Friends, I wish to impress upon you the fact that I had no other motive than of practicing penmanship, a highly commendable and honorable desire; in fact it is preposterous even to insinuate that one gifted with my fluency of speech and facility of translation of Vergil's native tongue would stoop to such a level as to copy a fellow student's lesson.

But fate had selected me from the millions of other mortals as the object upon whom to practice her caprices. Habit lead me to head my sheet as I did my usual Latin lessons and I had soon transcribed Al's writing to my own manuscript and signed my name to the paper so that in later years I might look back upon the efforts of my youth.

I finished, and as I arose from my seat I noticed that

Miss Welty was observing me with an unaccountable degree of interest, in fact her proximity and close scrutiny of my actions were to say the least very embarrassing. I greeted her casually and endeavored to walk away but to my utter confusion she detained me by a hand upon my shoulder. Startled, I attempted to expostulate, but Miss Welty in turn demanded to see the papers in my hand. Schoolmates, you know I am of a retiring and modest disposition and do not solicit publicity nor do I seek praise for things which I do well as for example my vocal accomplishments. For this reason I did not wish to advertise my penmanship and attempted to remonstrate; Miss Welty however insisted and I reluctantly surrendered the papers.

She gazed calmly upon the original and upon my own work while I modestly stood by preparing to resist the great volume of admiration which I knew must inevitably come. But I waited in vain. Instead Miss Welty asked, "Herman, what does this mean"?

I was by this time greatly puzzled by her actions, entirely different from what I had expected, however I did my best to explain that I had at last been awakened to a realization of one of my greatest delinquencies and that I was devoting my time to the noble art of penmanship.

Surprising as it may seem my explanation did not seem sufficient for Miss Welty who eyed me with an undisguised expression of incredulity and coldly said, "Herman, I believe that you have copied Albert's Latin lesson"!

Horrors! Her accusation came upon me as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, innocent and unsuspecting, I had entertained no other thought in the world other than improving my penmanship; this fact I hope I have emphasized. I found myself placed in such a position that although innocent I could not establish my innocence. I pictured myself as being denounced before the school, and unable to vindicate my name, surrounded as I was by an impenetrable net of circumstantial evidence. Oh, the injustice of it!

And now schoolmates, I place myself in your hands, not pleading mercy, but justice; not leniency, but only that which is my due, an honorable acquittal!—I thank you."

The jury arose, the tears were streaming down their cheeks, the President sat speechless in his chair and audible sobs broke the solemn stillness of the room. The jury quietly passed from the room and after only a few moments of deliberation returned with the verdict of "NOT GUILTY".

—Edwin Szold.

THE WARNING



T WAS midnight! I could hear the wind outside sighing and moaning among the trees as if it were relating some dire catastrophe. Within, a deathlike silence pervaded the house. It was that sort of silence which causes one's breath to quicken and one's pulse to beat more rapidly. I seemed to be expecting something. What, I did not know. A tension seemed to exist in the very atmosphere. I tried to sit up in bed but my very muscles seemed paralyzed with the dread forebodings of some awful event.

After what seemed hours of merciless torture I seemed to feel the presence of some other being in the room. A chilling fear crept over me. My eyes, grown used to the gloomy darkness, dilated with horror and fixed themselves on the door. It was closed and to my knowledge had not been opened. But someone was in the room whom I knew was not there before. I discerned the head of a man. All the remainder of him was a vague and misty white. Slowly, with a gliding, floating motion, the figure approached the foot of the bed. After a few moments a sepulchral voice sounded in my ear. "Are you ready?" Thrice the question was repeated. My voice stuck in my throat. With a terrified "No", I pulled the covers over my head. When my courage had sufficiently returned, I warily extended my head from its hiding place. Not a sign of the

apparition could I see. The door was still closed. Having assured myself that my ghostly visitor had, in some form or manner beyond my comprehension, disappeared, I breathed a sigh of profound relief and extremely puzzled and perplexed, resumed my interrupted slumbers.

The next three days the incident haunted me wherever I went. At unexpected moments that face would appear before me and I would again hear those heart-stirring words, "Are you ready?"

On the afternoon of the third day I went shopping. Having made several purchases on the tenth floor of the Woolworth building, I stood with a few other shoppers, waiting for the elevator. After a few moments it arrived. I was about ready to enter the cage when with a start of horror and amazement, I recognized in the man who was running the elevator the face of my midnight visitor. Noting my hesitation what words should he speak but these, "Are you ready?" Aghast and almost paralyzed with a strange fear, I managed to gain enough strength to answer "No".

The cage door shut with a "Click!" With a roar the elevator crashed downward. The agonizing shriek of a woman pierced the air. Then silence. The man had lost control of the elevator. All those within were dashed downward to their death..

—Ruth Jessee.

BRAVE RIVALS

T WAS the same old story again, two men in love with the same woman, which caused the peacefulness of a community in Northern Ohio to be disturbed one Sunday evening. The lucky or unlucky lady, which ever you want to call her, was Amanda Davis.

Amanda lived in a small house on a hill just above a graveyard. There was known to be another member of the family, a sister of Mrs. Davis, who was considered by the neighbors as a mystery. Whispers went around that she was insane and that wherever she was when darkness came she would lie down to sleep.

There were in this community, two boys, who as they grew up, became rivals. Donald Perkins was the son of a wealthy farmer. He was very boastful but the truth was that he was very much a coward. His rival was the son of the country minister and Rev. Alexander thought he had trained his son, Walter, to be brave.

One Sunday morning it was known throughout the neighborhood that Donald Perkins was going to call on

Amanda. The jealousy in the heart of Walter was so stirred that he began planning some way to harm his rival. At last a plan became clear; he remembered the fear Donald had for the graveyard, which he had to pass. So Walter without a word to anyone slipped a sheet from his bed.

Walter watched, from a window in his room, the lover on his way to the Davis home. So he waited patiently until he thought it was time for Donald to return home. Then he went softly out of the house with the sheet under his arm. He walked stealthily toward the graveyard. At last he saw his hated rival coming in the moonlight. As Donald came opposite the place where Walter was lying, there arose a white object, which said in a deep voice, "All ye dead arise and come forth". Then from a corner of the cemetery, a dark figure arose and in a shrill voice cried, "Yes, Lord, I am coming". The mysterious member of the Davis family had selected this as her retiring place.

But the unsolved question is: *Who arrived home first, Walter or Donald?*

—Esther Clapper.

“TO THE MAN AT THE PLOW”

To him who with the plow must break
The fair fields of our land,
Let these few words of praise awake
Our reverence for this man.
For truly does he do his bit,
As every man at war
Who fighting in the world's conflict
Keeps oppression from our door.
To the man of the field let the world bow down,
From the soldier at home and at war
Even to the man with the jeweled crown,
And praise him more and more,
This man with the broad and tanned brow,
The man who follows the plow.

—Thomas Johnson.

A CHILD'S DELIGHT

I like to climb in a big maple tree,
Up and up till I can see
Over the housetops and far away
Where Nature looks so small and gray.

I like to go up in a big rope swing
To swing as fast as a bird on the wing
And sweep back to the former place
With streaming hair blown in my face.

But best of all I like to skate
Up and down at break-neck rate
And attract attention to my skill
By skating backward down a hill.

—Winifred Seymour.

WANDERLUST

Most every day you hear folks say,
"Why don't you go out West"?"
There all you need is land and seed,
And Nature does the rest"!

And then again, from some wise men
"Go South, my boy, go South!"
There summer's clime lasts all the time!
Your future's in the South"!

Next man you meet upon the street,
"Your fortunes wait up North!"
Alaska's gold holds wealth untold,
Strike out young man. Go North"!

Not one in ten of your good friends
Will tell you,—"Stay right here!"
Stick to your ground, "Don't jump around,
You've chances all the year"!

What state you're in, what town you're in,
Helps not to ease your test!
There's just one rule in every school,
And that's just,—Do your best!

—Florence Atwell.

REMINISCENCES

It isn't long since I was but a boy
And yet—somehow it seems a long, long time.
Each day in life I seem to live again
The pleasures of those days—the wintry snow,
The bob-sled rides, the slide on college hill,
The old brick-yard just frozen over night,
The snow-fort where I once along with Jim
Held off the whole "Doan Gang" with icy balls
Until our bunch in town could bring relief.

How clearly now those scenes come back to me,
The games of "one o' cat" in Spud's back yard,
Mike's "dollar'n quarter league" which famous sphere
Not one window in the entire block escaped.
The cool refreshing lake outside of town
To which we trudged barefoot through dusty paths,
Arriving there in the chigger infested woods
And sported until weary in the pool.

I believe—I think that if mine were the lot
To select the happiest of God's earthly creatures
I'd pick a boy, say about thirteen years old
In the age of romance, glamour, and of dreams.
Of course I'm not an aged man, and yet
How long ago—how far away it seems.

—Edwin Szold.

THE JOY OF THE WATERS

O, to sail
In the roaring gale,
On the seething billows high;
When a strong wind blows,
Shipping water o'er our bows,
Merrily we cut the tide.

O, to hail
A passing sail,
When the gulls are high in sky;
When the bright sun beams,
And the blue sea gleams,
Slowly o'er the deep we glide.

O, to float
In a small row boat,
Where the water lilies grow;
When the moon shines bright
In a big, starry night,
Gently on the lake we ride.

—Cecil Davidson,



We, the members of the Senior Class,
Being about from this school to pass,
Do hereby set our seal and sign
To this, our will, for all future time.

We, to the Faculty, our notebooks do will,
That it may be easier for them still
To teach their classes the lessons so hard
And give better grades on each term card.

Our wit, which is so rich and clever,
We will to the Juniors that they may endeavor

To give to the world some men of letters
Who'll try to equal the glory of their betters.

We will to the Sophs our fame that we've gained
During the four long years that we've reigned.
That fame, the envy of all the classes,
That glory so great that no band it surpasses.

To the Freshies our handsome lads we will,
Our Robert, our Frank and our manly Bill.
Our popularity we will to them all
And our boys who've won fame at basketball.

—Charlotte Daskam.

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NUMBER I

S C H R O E D E R A C Q U I T T E D

JURY, AFTER ELEVEN HOURS, REACHES VERDICT

Washington, D. C.—What will probably be recorded in the annals of legal history as the most sensational case on record was today brought to a close when a jury after eleven hours of deliberation rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty".

It is unnecessary to review the events of this case for there is not a newspaper-reading person in the country who is not familiar with every phase of the situation.

The calm dignity and firm conviction of innocence which the prisoner evidenced through the entire trial won over the good will of the crowd and even while the most damaging testimony was being heard the sympathy of the audience was with the accused. Following are some of the most tense situations in the cross examination of the prisoner by Prosecuting Attorney Osborne:

Q.—What is your age? A.—I don't know exactly; between thirty and fifty.

Q.—Did you or did you not in the year 1921 receive communications with the signature

"Willie Hohenzollern"? A.—Yes.

Q.—Were these letters not from Kaiser Wilhelm, Imperial ruler of Prussia? A.—No, they were from a friend of mine by that name in Wanatah.

Here Prosecuting Attorney Osborne turned toward the prisoner and levelling her forefinger at his face sharply asked "Are you or are you not a German Spy?" The prisoner seemed momentarily confused and the spectators breathlessly awaited his answer; he almost immediately regained his composure and responded "No".

Osborne was obviously nonplussed at this answer but quickly came back with the question, "What's your middle name?"

At this, both Herrick and McCord, attorneys for the defendant, were on their feet shouting "Leading Question". Judge Miner sustained the objection and the examination continued.

Schroeder's entire family was at the trial and at one time his wife nearly collapsed. When the verdict was given the crowd went wild and cheered him repeatedly. He stated that he intends to take a rest and will probably retire to the seclusion of his summer home at Flint Lake until the case blows over.

PRESIDENT JESSEE IMPROVES

Bulletin.—President Ruth Jessee has been seriously ill with the gout, which has infected her left foot. Although the President's illness is not dangerous it is extremely painful and has necessitated her abandoning governmental affairs for the time being. During her absence the affairs of state are being cared for by Secretary of State Charlotte Daskam and Senator Keeler; Vice President Seymour is away on an extended tour through the country to interest school children in Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. Secretary of Household Economics, Vera Conover, is also ably assisting in her usual thorough manner.

(Special wire to Hi Life). President Jessee continues to improve. Temperature decreasing. She is under the care of Dr. Albert Cloud, the noted White House physician.

SIEVERS TO BE RAILROAD DIRECTOR?

John B. Sievers, Jr., head of the Rexall Drug Co., and chief stockholder of the world's champion baseball team, The Rexalls, was call-

ed to Washington this morning to confer with the railroad committee on various matters of finance. Dame Rumor has it that he is to be offered the position of R. R. director on account of ability shown in financing the V. H. S. Valenian when the country was in a condition of financial sloth. It is not known whether he will accept the position or not.

DEMANDS STRIKERS RETURN

Gary, Ind., (Associated Press)—Superintendent Cecil Davidson of the American Rail Mills has issued an ultimatum to the strikers and has demanded that they return to work. Arthur J. Gruenert, Traffic Manager of the Pennsylvania R. R., states that it is absolutely impossible to complete the newly projected electric line without these rails. William Sergeant, head of the electrical department has been appointed by Davidson to meet Edward Sierks, head of the local roller's union to arbitrate. It is hoped that the mediation of these two men will bear fruit and put an end to the present useless strike.

VALPO 'U. vs. OHIO

Today, Valpo is to clash with Ohio in the decisive baseball game of the season. The boys from the Buckeye state are eager to wipe out the stigma of the only defeat of the season which Valpo gave them a month ago. Coach Pratt appreciates the strength of the opponents but is nevertheless confident of victory. J. Pratt, Jr., is back in the game again after having recovered the use of his sprained ankle. His presence will strengthen the team a great deal.

GROOME FILES SUIT

A great sensation was caused today by the report that Clifford Groome, leader of the Bun and Biscuit Baker's Association, had filed suit for dissolution of the baker's trust through his attorney Margaret Altemiller. Upon being interviewed by a Hi Life reporter he maintained an air of reserve and taciturnity but intimated that he had evidence which will break up the baker's monopoly which he claims has existed for six years. In a recent speech before his association he is said to have accused several prominent bakers with violation of the anti-trust bill but his remarks passed unnoticed at the time.

KELLY CHAIRMAN OF CIRCES LEAGUE

Chicago, Illinois.—The fifth National Convention of the Circles League was held here last night with the enthusiasm of the constituents at a higher pitch than ever before. Ruth Kelly, the distinguished Indiana stateswoman, was elected chairman of the party. The platform of the League, according to Miss Kelly will remain essentially the same as four years with the exception of a few added restrictions upon the rights of men. The League is as yet undecided whether to run President Jesse again or Winifred Seymour in the November election for president.

STONER SPEAKS

The Rev. Mark Stoner last evening addressed the Gentlemen's Evening Club on the subject, "The Weaker Sex". In his speech he discussed the future of men and came to the conclusion that the prospect was not very encouraging.

Sixty

I. A. THOMPSON DOES "FLUKE DE LUXE"

Los Angeles, Cal.—All records for daring were broken here yesterday when Miss Irene Thompson of Valparaiso, Indiana, gave an exhibition of her new aeronautic "stunt," the "fluke de luxe", in her aeroplane "The Wizard", before a crowd of thirty thousand spectators. This latest fad seems to be a combination of the "spiraloop" and the famous "flopoop". It has the added novelty, however of flying for about one-half mile with inverted plane and spinning about like a top at an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet. It doesn't seem to be anything for Irene though and she says she "enjoys the sensation".

WYMAN BRINGS SUIT

Mildred Wyman, Principal of the Valparaiso Central High School has filed suit through her attorneys, Lisle & Holman, against the State Board of Education. She asks for twenty-five thousand dollars damages claiming that the term of Civics that she missed in 1918 was worth twice that amount to her and because of failure to receive it she was deprived of an enviable political career.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—My temper, at Senior meeting to select rings and pins. Al. W. Cloud.

LOST—Track of amount of O. Loomis dues. Finder please return same to Jess Pratt.

FOUND—In assembly room, a written communication pertaining to "canine affection". Writer or owner may have same by calling at desk and identifying property. Mr. Jesse.

LOST—Bubbles. No reward. E. Szold.

INDIANA ASSEMBLY IN TURMOIL

The General Assembly of the Indiana State Legislature was today the scene of the liveliest argument heard in Congress for a good many years. The cause of the excitement was a bill introduced by Representative Campbell providing for the placing underground of cables, fences, clothes-lines, telephone and telegraph wires, whereas they were an impediment to the successful combating of fires, and whereas because of abrasion of insulation they caused much damage in loss of life and property each year. The bill had come up for its second reading when Representative Clapper made a remark concerning the practicality of having fences or clothes-lines underground, thus bringing up a phase of the situation which had before been overlooked. There were however in the house several staunch supporters of the bill and these persons made known their sentiments in words which were rather uncomplimentary to Representative Clapper. She was also now becoming rather excited and even went so far as to state that the exponents of the bill were in league with the Ballenger & Freeman Laundry Co., whose representatives she claimed to have seen in the lobby. She said that it was a plot to eliminate all private clothes-lines thus forcing the citizen to send his clothes to the laundry.

By this time the legislature was engaging in more than verbal argument and before Chairman Cole could restore order there were several black eyes as souvenirs of the discussion. The bill was later referred to the clerk and some amendments are to be made regarding the height of certain wires and permit-

ting clothes-lines to be retained under a certain altitude. The question although not as yet definitely settled will probably be decided without any further fistic demonstrations.

BENEFIT BAZAAR

The palatial residence of Miss Myrtle Claussen, the site of the bazaar for the benefit of the Antiquated Nurses' Home, was last night a scene of riotous hilarity and unconfined enjoyment. The bazaar had been long planned by a skillful artist and the decorations were of surpassing beauty and taste. Moreover the entertainment was, without exaggeration, superb; the musical numbers by Miss Gretchen Marquart and Mrs. Ruth Maguire-Schroeder were given encore after encore and when at the close of the evening they gave "Valpo High School" the guests nearly tore down the house. A round sum was realized for the Antiquated Nurses' Home.

TABLOID BOOK REVIEW

Criticism of Vergil's Aeneid.—By E. Szold

A masterly piece of work and handled in a manner which any student and lover of Vergil will admire. Mr. Szold is not harsh in his criticism and dwells more at length upon Vergil's virtues than upon his faults.

"Fairy Tales for Children,"—By O. Loomis

An enchanting series of fantasies which will take its place along with Grim's and Anderson's fairy tales as a classic. This volume was published by Mr. Loomis as a sequel to his former series "Spirits and Spiritualism".

SOCIETY

EXHIBITION OF JOHNSON'S PAINTING

A most delightful evening was spent by about seventy persons at the salon and art gallery of Jennie Miner where Margaret Altemiller and Miss Miner gave an exhibition of Johnson's pictures. Miss Miner also spoke of the phenomenal rise to fame of the painter and affirmed as many art critics have before done that Mr. Johnson has attained a permanent seat in the hall of fame. Among the paintings shown last night were "The Plowman", "Eve", "Sunset", and "The Warrior". Of this last picture it is said that while on trench duty in France during the "World War", he by some happy chance conceived the inspiration and sketched the picture on the back of an old envelope. Later he completed the picture and it is now one of the world's greatest paintings. If Johnson never again touched his brush to a canvas his fame would rest safe on the strength of that one masterpiece. Mr. Johnson is now at his studio in New York but intends to spend a few weeks at his Valparaiso workshop where he has produced some of his best pictures. He has a host of friends and admirers who will be delighted to welcome him home.

BEAUTY DEPARTMENT

Direct all queries to Kathlyn Dee, Beauty Department, Valpo Hi Life. Name must be given or no response will be made. If personal reply is desired send stamped and addressed envelope.

Dear Miss Dee. I am a fair and beautiful maiden of eighteen summers with regular features and graceful figure but Oh, Miss Dee, my hair is so straight! I have tried to curl it with curling irons but that is too dangerous and I just don't know what to do. Can't you help me?

Charlotte.

My poor, downhearted girl. Of course I can help you! Don't use any tonics or curling irons because they will not do any good. My hair used to be just like yours but by constantly using the following treatment I gained thick, beautiful hair: Each night, before retiring, remove the mattress from your bed and instead of upon the pillow, lay your head upon the bed spring. The hair will instinctively coil about the wire and after a few months of this treatment you will have the naturallest curls alive. Kathlyn.

Kathlyn.

NEWS OF THE THEATRES

The latest release of the Famous Player's Co. "The Convict's Daughter," featuring Dorothy Thompson, was offered last night at the Memorial to a record breaking crowd. The picture, heralded as an epoch-making achievement, more than fulfilled the high expectations of the spectators. A better choice for leading lady than the fascinating Miss Thompson could not

have been found for she filled the difficult role of "Belinda", to perfection. Hundreds of persons were forced to leave the theatre unadmitted and the picture promises to have a record run.

At last, the perfect drama has arrived, for the critics confess that they have no unfavorable comment whatsoever to offer upon "Hilda, the Dancing Mole", which was played for the first time last night at Schelling's with Mr. Charles Dickover in the title role. The play contained some of the funniest situations found in any literary work, and according to the critics "if there were more such plays the moving picture would not so easily have superseded the legitimate stage". Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Dickover for his skillful interpretation of difficult character of Hilda.

NOBLE IS HONORED

Elizabeth Noble was honored today when she was presented with a gold medal by the Benjamin F. Shafer Scientific Research Society as a reward for her valuable investigations into the phenomenon of perpetual motion. Her discovery, by means of which power is extracted and transformed from the air with absolutely no mechanical loss, will completely revolutionize the commercial world.

* * * * *
* "HILDA, THE DANCING MOLE"
* at Schelling's
* with CHARLES DICKOVER
* Seats—75¢, \$1, \$1.50, \$2
* * * * *

HOW TO KEEP WELL

Direct all questions to Dr. A. W. Cloud, care of the Valpo Hi Life. If personal answers are required, stamped and addressed envelope must be sent.

Dear Doctor: I have recently noticed that after eating green onions the taste lingers in my mouth and the odor of the above named vegetable pervades my breath. (1) Is this serious? (2) Is there any remedy?

Art. S

(1) Sometimes, make it a point to avoid persons to whom the odor is distasteful, and the danger will be much less. (2) None at all.

Dr. Cloud

Dear Sir: Will dandruff keep me out of the army? Please advise me regarding treatment of dandruff. Cliff G.

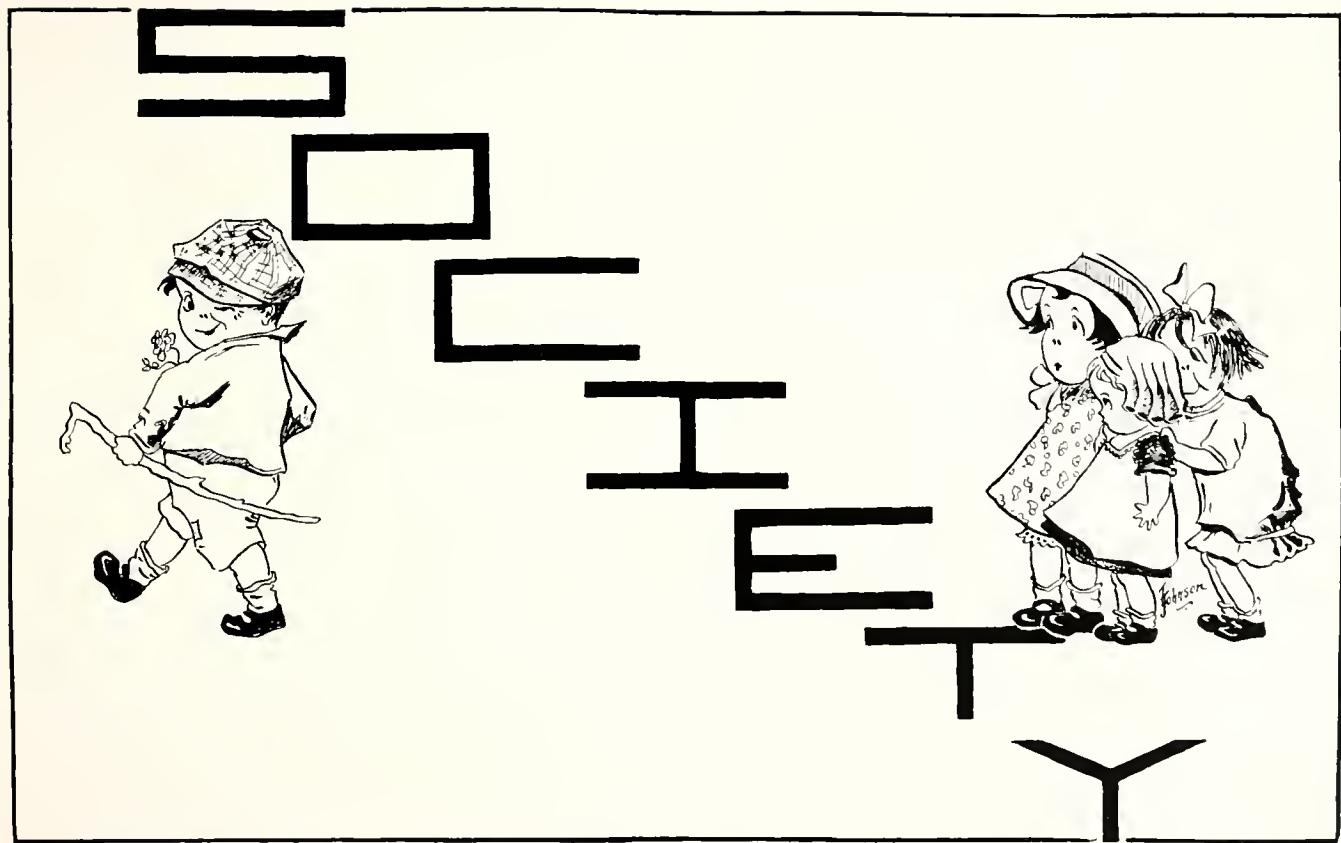
Cliff G.

(1) I don't know (2) Occasionally

By Cloud

Dr. Claudi

BLOCH'S
SINGING—DANCING
WILSON'S SAXAPHONE ORCHESTRA
OPEN ALL NIGHT
CONSUMER'S ICE CO.
Arthur Stewart, President
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, LUMP IT
HOLMAN & LISLE
LAWYERS



ORATORICAL CONTEST

SHE Oratorical Contest conducted by the Seniors this year was, no doubt, the most successful one ever held in Valpo High both from a financial and educational standpoint. All the speakers showed talent but Winifred Seymour and Cecil Davidson convinced the judges of their superior worth and carried off the honors. Ruth Jessee's appealing oration "Do Your Bit" went straight to the hearts of her audience and stayed there. The music greatly relieved the situation and was enjoyed by all.

After the contest the Senior girls served light refreshments consisting of cocoa and war cookies and sold popcorn balls from a gayly decorated booth to earn money to help publish the Annual.

The following program was carried out:

Music—Piano Solo.....	Florence Knapp
Speech—America the Spendthrift.....	Maurine McCord
Speech—Aviation.....	Marian Osborne
Speech—Classic Education.....	Winifred Seymour
Speech—Do Your Bit.....	Ruth Jessee
Music—Flute Solo.....	Frank Wilson
Speech—Germany and Democracy.....	Cecil Davidson
Speech—Science and the War.....	Oliver Loomis
Speech—Art and Life.....	Thomas Johnson
Music—Piano Solo.....	Ruth Maguire

Decision of the Judges.

Oh, yes! we danced afterwards downstairs and had the best time. It feels so good to finish the evening with a little dancing.

SENIOR BEAUTY CONTEST

WE ARE very grateful to Miss Benney for entertaining us so delightfully one evening after school, in the old Gym at the Beauty Contest.

The boys sat along one side of the room with the girls opposite so as to be able to give each other the "once over" (or maybe twice).

Miss Benney started the ball rolling by calling for nominations, and though John considered the subject too serious for him to voice an opinion, many of the boys convinced us that under the right inspiration they could compete with any poet ancient or modern. The girls nominated by the boys were Dorotha Thompson, Florence Knapp, Ruth Maguire, Ruth Jessee and Esther Clapper. The girls nominated Albert Cloud and Robert Keeler to bear the palm among the boys, but two more candidates were entered; "Bill", otherwise William Sergeant, asserted his own claim insisting that Annette Kellerman had nothing on him when it came to form and agility and that his other charms far surpassed those of Keeler, Cloud, Johnson or Szold. The last mentioned "Muggsy"—does not his very name suggest something clever?—got the attention of the constituency by declining firmly any nomination. He realized his charms, but he must decline; he had no fear of the decision but he had a confession to make. After many false starts and much circumlocution the truth was finally revealed to his breathless hearers, "Muggsy's" beauty is artificial; in fact he had been getting ready for this event for months and was really no simple flower but a walking advertisement of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Owing to Bill's picking flaws in most of the fair youths

assembled and also on account of Ruth Jessee's proclaiming her hero, Albert Cloud, as possessing every possible quality of manly beauty, the popular president of the class won in the contest by one vote over Bob Keeler, scattering votes being bestowed upon Art Gruenert and Ed. Siersk. Among the girls Dorotha Thompson won by two votes over Florence Knapp.

Under a canopy of green and white Albert and Dorotha were presented with their prizes, the work of our own Tom. Then we had a quadrille to display the grace of the members of our class. Miss Benney called the dance and away they went.

The great surprise—refreshments—ended the program. The main point of the gathering was to have a good time and we certainly did enjoy ourselves and shall remember the occasion long after we have left V. H. S.

DOMESTIC ART FEEDS

The Domestic Art classes have had several noon-time lunches during the year. They "Hooverized" on all occasions and served picnic dinners.

Miss Brooks says that had she known they would get their names in the "Society Notes" her girls would have given some real parties.

DANCE

We shall not soon forget the night Michigan City met defeat at the Gym for we celebrated by having a dance after the game. It was the first, last and only one but—we are thankful for small favors.



DINNER—ENGLISH VIII

YRTLE, Marian and Oliver are responsible for the success of this dinner which was supposed to be a farewell for Laura Holst but—but mumps were very popular at that time and when everyone had recovered—Laura was gone!

It had to be a farewell so the ever resourceful members made Myrtle the guest of honor for she finished her course and left the ranks of V. H. S. at the end of the first semester.

The repast was served at noon and was quite elaborate, costing fifty cents a plate—war times too.

The boys toasted the girls who very sweetly returned the compliment.

Luther showed his faith in women:

"Oh, the light that lies in a woman's eyes and lies and lies."

Here's another one:

"I'm not denying women are foolish, God made 'em so to match the men."

PHOENIX CLUB DINNER FOR BASKETBALL BOYS

Oh, those lucky wearers of the "V". The Phoenix Club banquet given in their honor was a great occasion. Tables set in Armory Hall accommodated the guests.

Entertainment was furnished by members of the V. H. S. High School girls served the repast and splendid speeches were given by Mr. Jessee and Professor Boucher.

Mark Loring also entertained the basketball team at a six o'clock dinner at his home. Again I say—those lucky fellows.

DINNER—ENGLISH V



IT IS customary for the members of English V to write after dinner speeches and to give a dinner in order that they may be inspired by the proper surroundings.

This year there were twenty-two who attended the banquet. Miss Bartholomew was the only guest of the class.

George Bennet was very clever as toastmaster. His introductions were so characteristic of each speaker.

“Teapot” opened the program with a splendid toast on “Punctuality”. “Mac” McWhinney very appropriately illustrated her toast on “Smiles” by being seized with the giggles as she arose to address her classmates. Demure “Hank” toasted the boys of her class. I do hope they appreciated it. Bob’s miscellaneous toast was fine. While Linnett delivered his toast to the U. S. Boys, the entire company stood in respectful tribute to the Nation.

By a unanimous vote Mildred Chaffee was hailed the best speaker and presented with the “purse”. She toasted the Junior Class in a very pleasing manner.

The dinner was prepared by four girls of the class under the supervision of Lillian Gruenert. All the cooking was done in the Domestic Science kitchen and the girls certainly proved their efficiency in this household art. At five o’clock the feast was spread in the old gym. Realizing that it was not fair for the girls to do all the work and also to get in practice for their daily occupation the boys gallantly washed and wiped the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. Surely they will make ideal husbands.

Owing to the critical food situation this sumptuous

spread was kept within the limit of twenty-five cents a plate.

BASKETBALL DINNER

MENU	
Swiss Steak	Grape Fruit
Peas	Mashed Potatoes
	Rolls
	Coffee
	Salad
	French Pastry
Apples	Pop-corn Balls

Doesn’t that make your mouth water? That is the dinner which Mr. Jessee gave in honor of his basketball boys. My, don’t we envy them?

The boys, their coach and Professor Boucher were the only guests at this feast served at Mr. Jessee’s home in McIntyre Court.

Reminiscences and prophecies filled the evening with good fellowship. Mr. Jessee certainly proved himself a royal host.

SOPHOMORE HALLOWE’EN PARTY

Last October on the night when witches revel, the Sophomores assembled in the old gym “en masque”. Mr. Jessee was very much wrapped up for the occasion.

The evening was spent in playing games and dancing. Hallowe’en refreshments were served.

JUNIOR PARTY

Fate and the weather seemed against the Juniors and their party. After several attempts on different occasions to have a sleighride, one evening despite the fierce blasts of Winter the Juniors assembled in the Gym, bent upon having a good time. Unfavorable conditions out-of-doors always add to the joy and warmth within.

"Cardy" willingly acted as target for the folks to throw at. Miss McIntyre evinced great superiority and hit the mark with absolute accuracy.

Mr. Jessee, during the Bottle game, kept the whole assemblage puzzled to find an answer to his question, "Who's got the cooties"?

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and jollity. The refreshment committee, Mary Arden, Alice Heard, Pinkey and Ruth Moe served a delicious lunch and everyone went on his way rejoicing.

FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY

Yes, even the Freshies had a party but Miss McIntyre says they were dreadfully quiet for children their size.

Two sleigh-loads of the little tots rode around town

for about an hour. They spent the rest of the evening in the Kindergarten Room.

They played all kinds of jolly games and were allowed to have some hot chocolate and wafers for refreshments. The chaperons even let them dance.

When we were Freshies we dared not indulge in such frivolous pastimes.

Owing to the fact that everyone has been and is conserving on account of the war, there have been few social events at school this year but we've had some mighty good times anyway.

The Annual goes to press before the main festivities of the year so you will have to imagine the Senior Play, Reception, final class parties, and—the Junior-Senior Prom which will be a new and very pleasing feature this year. The proceeds will be given to the Red Cross and the Senior Play will be given for the same purpose.

Submitted this tenth day of April in the year 1918 by
MICKEY,
Society Editor.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL



OR some time the question, "Would a Student Council prove a success in the Valparaiso High School?" has been discussed. Although this is the first year such a body has been tried, I am sure "success" is the verdict of those who have watched its work.

There was much rivalry between the Juniors and Seniors as to which class would supply the Councilmen-at-large. The Juniors won out! As a result Gretchen Specht and Mark Loring were elected. Then two members from each class were chosen to represent their respective classes in the Council, Arthur Cloud and Ruth Blachly were elected from the Freshman class, Helen Schleman and Charles Foster from the Sophomore class. From the Junior class Harold Pomeroy and Ruth Parks were elected, and the Seniors chose Vera Conover and Oliver Loomis. The Council consists of eleven members—the eleventh member being our Principal, Mr. Jessee.

A constitution was first framed and accepted, then officers were elected as follows: Mark Loring, President; Harold Pomeroy, Vice-President; Gretchen Specht, Treasurer; and Ruth Parks, Auditor; and work began.

Some of the things done or encouraged by the Student Council this year are: Choosing a motto, "Achieve the Honorable" and a slogan, "Hammer it Out", which are kept before the school constantly as something to live up to. Our President, Mark Loring, gave an enthusiastic talk one morning on what they meant to us. Season tickets were secured at reasonable prices for the basketball season. We pushed the movement for a service flag and obtained

one for which we owe Ruth Moe thanks. Yell mistress, Mildred Templeton and yell-master, Harold Pomeroy, were chosen to see what was the matter with the rooting and improve it. The Student Council secured reserved seats for the High School at the gym and got results after asking that the gym floor be kept in a better condition. It obtained arm-bands for the students; arranged for basketball and tennis tournies; secured V's for all boys and girls rightfully earning them with a small letter indicating the sport the honor was won.

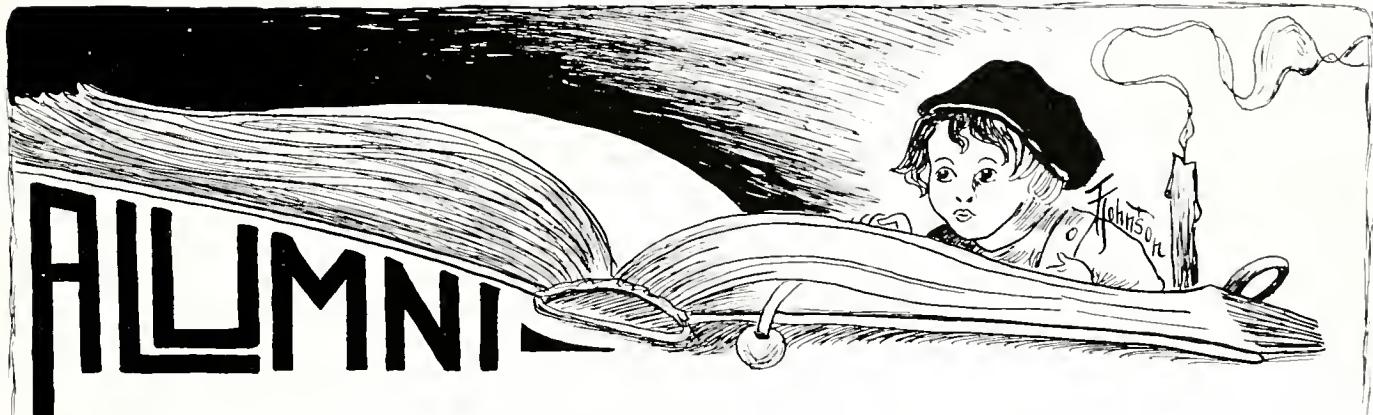
Frank Wilson has been appointed as song leader of the school by the Council and it has been supplying good entertainment for each Monday morning. Helen Schleman gave a fine talk one Monday morning on "Clothes Conservation", encouraging it in High School.

These are only a few of the things the Council has done this year. We have only made a start, but we hope the next Council will begin where we leave off, because an earnest Student Council brings about the heartiest co-operation possible in the whole school, and co-operation is what we want.

There are three main purposes of the Student Council which we have tried to bring about:

1. To provide an effective means of communication between the undergraduate body and school authorities.
2. To exercise a general supervision over student activities, organizations, traditions, customs and conduct; and
3. To crystalize and make effective the sanest undergraduate opinions.

—Ruth Parks.



ALUMNI



HE facts concerning the alumni are always interesting but this year they are especially so since we can add to other important items the names of our soldier boys.

It is interesting to know that six hundred and fifty-five have already graduated from the Valparaiso High School. Our class will bring forty-four more to the list. Two members of our class are children of former graduates: Ruth Jessee is the daughter of Althea L. Winslow (1891), and Marion Osborne of E. Guy Osborne (1887).

The class of 1917 who have just preceded us are all making good in their several walks of life. The following are attending Valparaiso University: Helen Wark, Irene

Ball, Herbert Schleman, Helen Dean, Gladys Ritz, Ruth Bennett, Helen McNiece, Marjory Ellis, Louise Smith, and Martha Heard. Fredrick Arvin is at Harvard; Cynthia Willing at Oxford College, Oxford, Ohio; Earl Mavity, Emory Stoner and Max Specht at Purdue; and Maxwell Evans at the University of Chattanooga. Of the other members of the class Ray Stubbs, Grace Wareham and Earl Sherwood are employed in Gary; Raymond Sego in Davenport, Iowa; Earl Smith is working for the Foster Lumber & Coal Co.; Forest Jones at the Geo. F. Beach Jewelry Store; Bernard Szold in Szold's Department Store; Edna Griebel at the Farmers Bank; Gertrude Hiltbold in Chicago; Paul LaCount on a farm; John Shatz in the government service; and Rosemary Lawrence and Helen Kull in

the Valparaiso Public Library. Laura Holst is teaching in Tamara, Illinois, and Alice Blachly in Porter County.

Four graduates of the school have died in the past year: Bertha Smith (1882), Charles Johnston (1887), and Eliot C. Ray (1898), Althea L. Jesse (1891).

During the past year the following members of the Alumni have married: Alice Cornell (1909) to Dr. Claude Weldy; James McNiece (1910) to Eva Harris; Myron Conover (1911) to Berneice Wolfe (1912); Hazel Mae DeWitt (1912) to Bernard Lemster; J. Willis Detlef (1912) to Florence Mohnsen; Martha A. Keene (1912) to Ben Kemp; Grace Moore (1910) to Gust Dahlke; Nellie Shinabarger (1911) to Edward Smith; Byron Findling (1911) to Hazel Halsted; Mary Cobb (1900) to J. Frank Patrick; Wallace Philley (1897) to Frances Shuster; Harold Shaw (1914) to Grace Mayo; Marguerite Tofte (1908) to Ira J. Pool; Alma Welch (1914) to Franklin J. Burris; Gail Fehrman (1916) to Leroy Lippman; Lorraine Hughes (1916) to Walter Lloyd (1914); Ruth Kellogg (1913) to Joseph W. Meyers; Margaret Zimmerman (1914) to Russell Van Arsdell; Annadel Kellogg (1906) to Abe Lowenstein;

Gladys Vantrees (1915) to Percy Huddleston; Mildred Stoner (1911) to Earl Dean; Nellie Bruhns (1912) to William P. Wallin; Eva Wheeler (1907) to Glen Collins; Hazel McNay (1908) to E. A. Rice; Blanche Williamson (1913) to B. A. Murray; and Velma Daggett (1914) to George Myers.

The following graduates are in the service of Uncle Sam: Joseph Bradely (1914), Garrett Conover (1914), Andrew Case (1907), Tom Crosby (1912), Russel Doty (1911), Maurice Ellis (1913), Chester Fay (1915), Neil Funk (1908), Reginald Felton (1911), Clarence Gardner (1916), Don Herrick (1916), Glenn Heard (1912), Edward Johnston (1911), Hudson Deardorf (1916), Percy Lawrence (1910), Leslie Lembke (1907), Wayne McDaniel (1913), Eric Payne (1910), Ralph Parks (1912), Holmes Martin (1913), Harry Martin (1913), Edward Marquardt (1898), Arthur Nolan (1913), Ralph Marimon (1908), Harry Ritter (1910), Byron Smith (1907), Niles Smith (1916), Harrison Steward (1912), Melvin Stinchfield (1911), and Herman Marquardt (1916).

—Jennie Miner.



Seventy-one

ATHLETICS

HE V. H. S. has always stood for good, clean sports and will continue to do so because athletics are recognized and sanctioned by the Faculty who has always loyally supported them.

Three better sportsmen can not be found than our superintendent, Mr. Boucher, our principal, Mr. Jessee, and Mr. Shafer, our coach. They appreciate good, clean play and encourage it in their school.

The Student Council took over the business end of the Athletic Association this year and handled it very admirably. The High School as a whole supported basketball as they never did before. The lack of a gymnasium close to town handicapped the team greatly, and it is hoped that next year's men will have better accommodations. Here's to greater athletics in the High School.

BASKETBALL

Basketball is the only sport which has been pushed to its fullest extent this year. The team went through a very successful season, winning fifteen games and losing but five, though it was handicapped a great deal by sickness and accidents to the players. Hippy was the only man going through the whole season. Taking these facts into consideration the team made a wonderful record.

The boys deserve a lot of credit along with Coach Shafer for going over to the University Gym every night and practicing in a cold room. But the school supported them and they did their best. The cheering was very good, thanks to Harold Pomeroy and Mildred Templeton who led the yells.

The boys who graduate regret that they will not be in the games next year, but are looking forward to a trip to Bloomington with the Valparaiso champions of 1919.

THE SECOND TEAM

The second team deserves much credit for the successes of this year's team. They are real sports who will walk a mile in the cold and snow to practice in order that the school may have a good team when they haven't any chance to get into a big game. The first team wishes to thank Werner Hiltbold, Carrol Sievers, Roseman Sawyer, Lowell Dowdell, Leone Church, George Bennett, LeRoy Stansell and all others who have practiced against them this season.

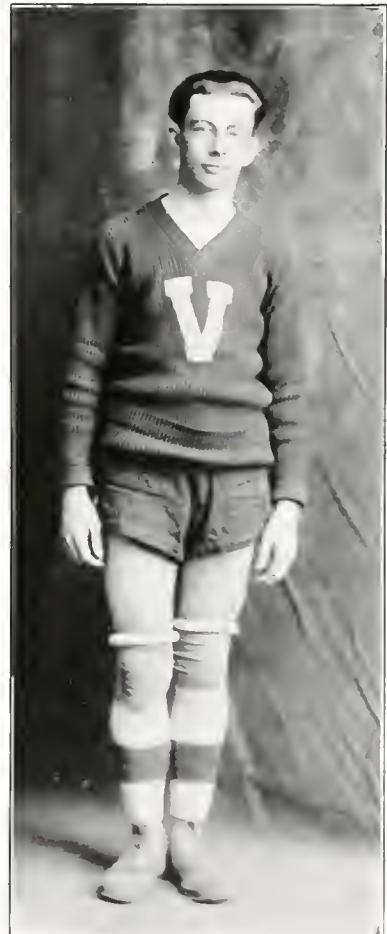


JOHN SIEVERS

John was the best floor guard in this section of the state. He proved an able leader of the squad in the capacity of captain and led his team through a most successful season. Coach Shafer will have a hard job to get a man to fill his berth in next year's squad. His playing was fast and consistent at all times.

JESSE PRATT

A more speedy player than Jess can not be found. The team was greatly handicapped by his absence from the game after his injury at Plymouth, from which he never completely recovered. He had a keen eye for the basket and his floor work was superb.





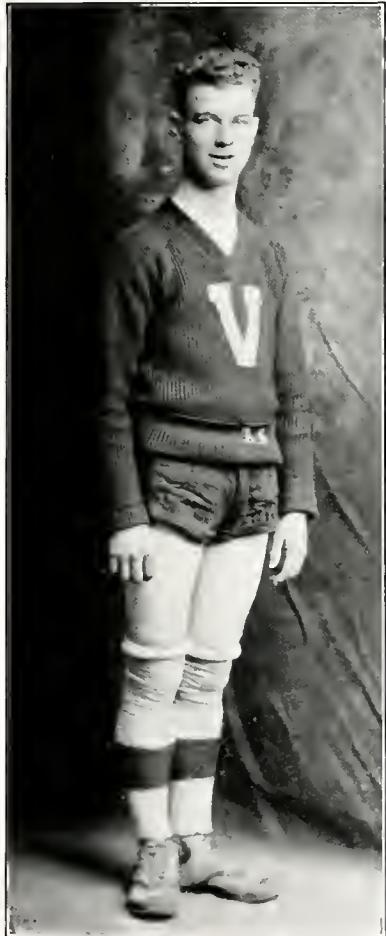
MARK LORING

Windy lived up to the family's reputation all right. He had a brother in the team of giants two years ago but Bruce couldn't hold a candle to Mark. The younger brother was fast and covered the floor with ability, he was a good shot and got his share of the points in every game. The team suffered the misfortune of losing him just before the tournament on account of his health. But for this the possibilities are that we would have seen Bloomington.



WALTER HILTPOLD

Hippy played in every game of the season but distinguished himself at the tournament. He felt downhearted if a game passed in which he didn't get a keystone with his mighty left. Walter is only a Sophomore and will be feared by all guards in this territory for two more years.



ARTHUR STEWARD

Art, all-sectional back guard, was there with the goods. He had all the forwards in this section buffalowed and was a constant danger to them. Stew's one regret was that he didn't make a key-stone; but his guarding more than made up for this. His playing was always full of pep.

ROBERT FINDLING

Another descendant of the famous team of two years ago; and he surely inherited all the basketball ability that Heine possessed. Bob's basket shooting was accurate and his defensive play was very good. He lacked experience at the beginning of the season but showed marked improvement in the latter part and he should make a valuable man next year.





WILLIAM SERGEANT

Bill was fast and a very diligent player. In the early part of the season he was not given much chance to show his ability but whenever given a chance he proved a very valuable man. His pep pulled the team out of many holes. He played his best game at the tourney where he filled the center position most creditably.

—(Contributed).

EDWARD SIERKS

Ed was fast and a good all around basketball player. He made himself useful to the team in the capacity of both guard and forward and worked with diligence and ability in either position. Eddie was a skillful dribbler and used his skill to an advantage.





B. F. SHAFER

Coach Shafer has stuck with the team through thick and thin. We realized that he sacrificed a great deal when he undertook the job to coach this year's team without any extra salary and we can not express our appreciation to him. We have enjoyed having him with us on all our trips and hope next year's team will be fortunate enough to have his services.

MR. JESSEE

It would have been impossible to have had a better schedule than we had this year. We met all the strong teams in this section and very few weak ones; for this Mr. Jessee is responsible. He has proved an able manager and a faithful friend to the team. He was influential in getting the University Gym for us and has shown us many other kindnesses. We may forget some of these but we never shall forget the banquet he gave us at his home at the close of the season.



FORECAST

Bob Findling, Walter Hiltbold and Mark Loring will be in High School next year and these three ought to form the nucleus of a championship team. All the boys mentioned in the second team will be in line next year and Coach Shafer will have some promising material to work with. Some of the above boys would have made first team had they not been disqualified in the early part of the season by playing with the Boy Scouts. We wish next year's team all the luck in the world and more than any thing else a decent gym to practice and play in.

THE TOURNAMENT

HE tournament was held at Hammond this year, March 8th and 9th at the Irving School. The playing floor was small, the light very poor and the seating capacity limited. Our first game was with Whiting at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon and it looked a little doubtful the first half but we turned the trick in the second half, the final score being 22—15.

We met Brook who had defeated Hammond the previous afternoon, at 9 a. m. Saturday. The Jasper County lads were husky but slow and the final score was Valpo 40, Brook 9. There was only one team left for which we had any fear and that was Emerson. They had taken East Chicago into camp Friday afternoon by a good score but Winamac had given them a good run Saturday morning. Valpo and Emerson played at 3 p. m. Saturday. The crisis had arrived. This game was to decide who was going to Bloomington, for the winning team had to play a weak team from Crown Point in the finals. The Valpo crowd nearly filled the gymnasium. Valpo went into the game for blood. They knew the team they were pitted against and Coach Shafer had given instructions how to play the game. The

boys heeded their instructions and if they ever played basketball it was that day.

The Valpo boys started with the whistle and before the Lake County boys knew where they were, the score was 11—5 in favor of Valpo. They were up in the air, they couldn't spot their men and their passes went wild. Time was called and Captain Johnson of the Emerson team called his warriors around and held a council of war. When time was called again their style of playing was changed; they had taken too long shots. The short ones proves very effective and the half ended 11—11.

In the second half Valpo again started fast and the score was 16—11 in our favor at the end of five minutes but it seemed that the Almighty was with Gary for every time they shot, the ball seemed to find the hole in the basket. Johnson and McLennon of Gary were taken out on personals and Art Steward, our all sectional back guard was pulled out after he had won the honors. Emerson won the game 26—21 and won the right to go to Bloomington but we cannot help but feel that Valpo could have better represented this section of the state at the big meet.

THE SEASON'S RECORD

V. H. S.—28		Bourbon—24
—45		Crown Point—12
—41		Crown Point—17
—35		Michigan City—13
—23		LaPorte—25
—35		Hammond—14
—36		LaPorte—18
—19		Plymouth—20
—27		Hammond—16
—25		Plymouth—21
—11		South Bend—34
—31		Michigan City—22
—24		East Chicago—16
—33		East Chicago—14
—28		Froebel—14
—66		Bourbon—15
— 9		South Bend—38
—22		Whiting—16
—41		Brook— 9
—21		Emerson—26
<hr/>		<hr/>
Totals	600	384

FOOTBALL

AS HAS been the case for the last two years the V. H. S. was unable to have a Varsity team, on account of the fellows not being able to get their parent's consent. This was a very unfortunate circumstance since there was much good football material in the High School this year as was shown in the two inter-class games.

After the failure to get eleven to represent the school it was agreed that there should be a series of inter-class games. There were two games played, the Freshmen and Sophomores playing the combined forces of the Juniors and Seniors.

The teams proved to be very evenly matched, the upper classmen winning the first game 12—0 and the second game ending in a tie 0—0. Pratt played a star game at quarterback for the Seniors and Steward showed up well in the backfield at full back. Sievers, Cloud, and Sierks played end positions, Card, Pomeroy, and Gruenert got everything

that came through the tackle, Loring and Dahrymple filled the guard positions well and Chester Kulp passed the ball at center. Sergeant and Keeler both gained ground playing half backs.

Hiltbold, Findling and Sawyer starred for the Freshies. Their line up was as follows: Findling, Nolan, and Sievers, ends; Coyer and Watt, tackles; Dowdell and Scott, guard; Sherwood, center; Stansell and Hiltbold, half backs; Sawyer, full back; and Maudlin, quarter back.

Good crowds witnessed both games and displayed some of the old High School spirit. No one was seriously hurt but some souvenirs came to school with the players Monday in the form of black eyes, *Charley Horses*, and stiff legs. The games proved to be good recreation and tended to whip the basketball team into condition. It is hoped that next year, the high school will have an eleven, for the underclassmen showed such ability, they could, with some coaching, have a championship team.



THE tennis season of the High School opened early this year, and through the cooperation of the High School and University Councils an indoor tennis tourney was planned to be held March 22, 1918, in the University Gym. At last, this seemed to be the longed for opportunity to get the money for the sweaters for last year's tennis team. There were four matches, all doubles. Two boys' matches, a girls' match and a match of mixed doubles. The Valparaiso High School girls were thus for the first time given a chance to show their colors and win a letter. The school which won three matches out of the four was to receive sixty per cent of the gate receipts. Of course we needed the sixty per cent; and as soon as the court was marked practice began. March 15th the preliminaries were held. Those who were qualified to play were: Harold Card, captain; George Bennett, Walter Hiltbold and Werner Hiltbold, Helen Schleman and Vera Conover. The eventful evening soon came; and the players assembled. Alas! it did not take long for the rooters to gather. There were quite a few students present, but where were the supporters of the High School team?

TENNIS

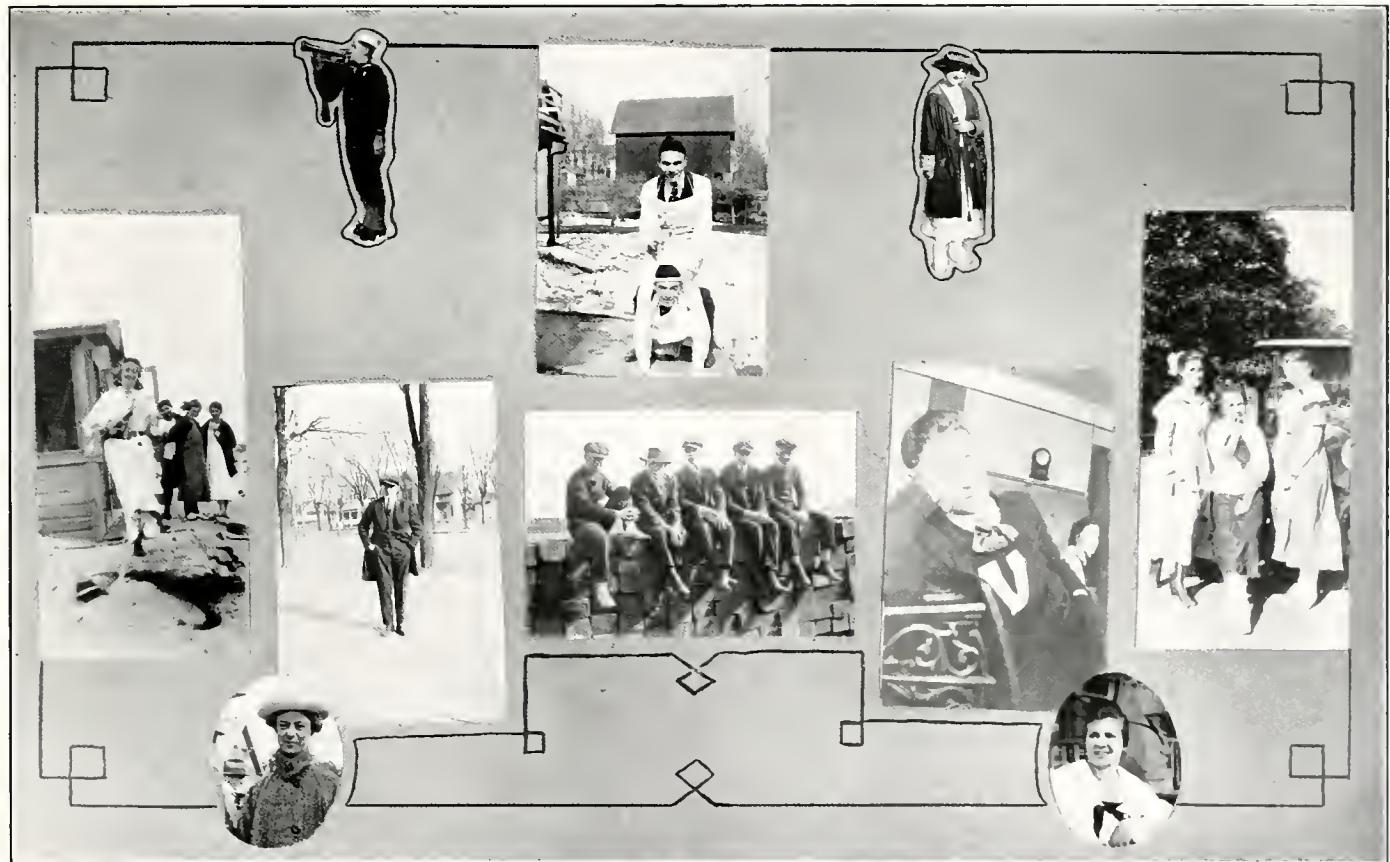
Yes, where were they? As soon as the spectators had gathered and the players had warmed up, the tourney started. George and Werner lost the first set 4-6 to Wang and Gruenert, but took the next two sets easily, 6-3, 6-3. The girls' match was next. Helen and Vera were rather nervous at first but finally settled down and took the first two sets from the Varsity players, Misses Edwards and Merwin. The scores were 9-7 and 6-4. As soon as they left the floor Hippy and Harrold began their contest with Novy and Watson. The Varsity men took the first set 12-10, but the next two were taken by the High School boys. It was eleven-thirty when they finished; and it was thought best not to have the mixed doubles, as both the girls had gone and the Varsity man could scarcely walk so great had been his exertion. The High School won sixty per cent, which was easily spent. Taking the tourney as a whole, it was a great success. In view of their triumph, let us hope that further ventures of the High School Tennis Team, will be upheld by the loyal support of its fellow students.

—Vera Conover.

Auld Lang Syne



Auld Lang Syne



Eighty-five

Auld Lang Syne



Mr. Pauley (In Reviews)—“Now supposing I insured a barn for \$3000 in three different companies and went home that night and set fire to the barn, what would I get?”

Al. Cloud—“Two to fourteen years at Michigan City.”

—x—

Miss Benney—“We will begin the recitation today by giving Bible quotations.”

Bill S.—“All I know is the Ten Commandments.”

Miss B.—“Well give one of those.”

Bill S.—“Thou shalt not lie.”

—x—

Kathryn Ellis (In Botany)—“Why does that tree groan so?”

Mr. Shafer—“If you were half as full of green apples as the tree is, you would groan too.”

—x—

Mr. Shafer—“Why do balloons with hydrogen collapse in a short time?”

John Sievers—“Why—Oh, I don't know, I never had a balloon.”

—x—

Miss Reynolds (explaining the difference between aggravate and annoy)—“Aggravate means to intensify or make greater.”

Merele Dowdell—“Would you say that the farmer aggravated his corn crop?”

—x—

“May I print a kiss upon your lips?”

She nodded her sweet permission,

Then they went to press

And I rather guess

They printed a whole edition.

Mr. Shafer—“How many problems did you get Arthur?”

Art Gruenert—“Four in the new book.”

Mr. S.—“How many did you get Florence?”

Florence Atwell—“All in the old book.”

Art—I guess I'll get the old book.”

—x—

Mark Loring—“What is the difference between a girl and a clock?”

Jess Pratt—“You've got me, what is it?”

Windy—“Time goes slow when you hold a clock's hands while time goes very fast when you hold a — say, what time is it anyway?”

—x—

Mr. Pauley—“If Albert had no money in the bank but wrote a check payable to John and John went to the bank to cash it, who would the officials go to?”

Art Steward—“Go to Al.”

(Art said go to Albert but Mr. Pauley misunderstood him.)

—x—

Mr. Boucher (explaining the difference between variables and constants)—“Frank, what does it mean to have a constant?”

Frank Wilson—“It never varies, she loves me forever.”

—x—

Why Cutieura is most popular with the V. H. S. girls—Because it is guaranteed to keep the lips free from chaps.

—x—

Lois Palmer—“What is the meaning of the word beaux?”

Earl McMillen—“Why, don't you know what they are?”

Eighty-eight

(In Physics)—A given boat weighs 150 pounds and has a volume of 10 cubic feet. Would you attempt to take a boat ride with two fat girls, each weighing 160 pounds and yourself weighing 136 pounds? (After solving it was found that four more pounds would sink the boat).

Bill S. answered—“If they were good looking I would risk it.”

Mr. S.—“Just as I thought, you are the only one in the class who would risk his life in such a way.”

—x—

All the Seniors dignified
Think the Freshies green,
Must be greatly magnified
To even be seen.

—x—

Miss Reynolds—“Earl, give the principal parts of flee.”

Earl McMillen—“I didn't know fleas had principal parts.”

—x—

Floating down the river,
Sitting in the stern,
Her hand in his'n,
And his'n in her'n.

—x—

(Upon Vera's making a mistake in Physics and Mr. S. correcting it.)

Mr. S.—“You must have had that written aa—.”

Vera (quickly)—“On a piece of paper.”

—x—

Lois Palmer (In English)—“Did Caesar write the Latin book before or after he died?”

Mary, Mary Pickford, marching down the aisle.

Mary, Mary Pickford, smiling all the while.

With curls that would charm a queen,
And a blush that's fairest, rarest seen,
Who would dare her path assail?
Who would dare her beauty hail?

Ah, leave it to the Freshies.

—x—

John Sievers (In Chemistry)—“What would you do in case Bill S. got too much chlorine?”

Mr. S.—“Hold the ammonia bottle before him.”

John—“I wouldn't, I'd let him croak.”

—x—

From the Lips of Vergil Students

Al. Cloud—“Her robe fell to her lowest feet.”

Herman Schroeder—“He moistened his lips from the river.”

Ruth Kelly—“The gates having been opened, the tears rushed forth.”

Charles Dickover—“Thrice I attempted to encircle my arms about her neck.”

—x—

Tea Pot—“Mary Arden's hair used to be light but it isn't now, why is that?”

Gretchen S.—“She colored it, to carry out the dyeing request of a friend.”

—x—

In the inter-class football game some one mentioned that the first half was ended.

Tom Johnson—“Why no.—isn't this the end of the second half?”

(How many halves do they have, Tom?)

Mr. Pauley (Last Period in the Assembly)—“People generally work six days in the week and have the seventh for rest, but here you think we should work seven periods a day and have the eighth for play.”

—x—

Laura Holst—“I suppose if I refuse you, you will commit suicide.”

Bill S.—“That's my usual custom.”

—x—

Harry Albe—“Can you see any eraser marks on this paper?”

Mr. McClurg—“Yes, there's one and there's another one.”

Harry—“That's not an eraser mark, that's where I spit on it.”

—x—

Mr. Shafer—“What is a spark plug?”

Harold Pomeroy—“A horse you can drive with one hand.”

—x—

Miss McIntyre—“Yes, the priest is under the bishop, but what is under the priest?”

Gretchen Smith—“His feet.”

—x—

Mildred Templeton—“Do you really know how the earth was made?”

Miss Reynolds—“I couldn't tell you, I wasn't here then.”

—x—

Miss Welty—“Albert, translate 'obscura vicissum'.”

Albert C.—“We kiss 'em in the dark.”

—x—

Teacher (In Quiz)—“What are the symptoms of the croup?”

Pupil—“The breath comes in short pants.”

Eighty-nine

Frank, again—“I think I'll use this old piano for kindling wood.”

“Yes, you ought to be able to get a few chords out of it.”

Miss B. (explaining unpremeditated)—“If I told Edward to put a penny in that box for chewing gum in class, that would be unpremeditated—but I haven't the box.”

Ed. S.—“I haven't the penny either.”

—x—

Mr. S.—“Does the moon affect the tide?”

John S.—“No, only the untied.”

—x—

Bill S.—“I believe in free speech.”

Ed. S.—“You didn't think any one would pay to hear you, did you?”

—x—

Miss Bartholomew—“Name three things containing starch.”

Vera Cole—“Two cuffs and a collar.”

—x—

Frank Horn (In Typewriting)—“I hit the wrong note.”

—x—

On each first of the month, Mr. Jesse doth say,

“Please do not forget Senior class dues today.”

Then each Senior feels in his pocket for two bits,

And murmurs, “My Gosh, how old Tem-
pus fugits.”

—x—

Miss B.—“How many know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?”

Lowell D. (just waking up)—“Why he lives in Washington, doesn't he?”

One day Miss Young assigned some words to her English I class to be looked up in the dictionary and to be used in sentences. One of the words was "livelihood". Laura Neet, an energetic little Freshman, looked it up and found that it meant, 'means of support'. She then wrote the following sentence: 'The man's cane was his only livelihood'.

—x—

Harry Albe (in typewriting)—
"A—Choo!"

Esther Clapper—"Gee, I wish I had an umbrella."

—x—

Miss McL.—"George, will you please tell us where medieval history begins?"

George B.—"Where ancient history ended."

Miss McL.—"Correct, but where did ancient history end?"

Bright George—"Where medieval history started."

—x—

Mr. Boucher—"You see class, Chester and Louella have both worked the same problem, although Louella's figure is quite different from Chester's."

—x—

Andy Collins—"Do you always stutter like that?"

Bill S.—"N-no, only w-w-when I t-t-talk."

—x—

Mr. Pauley—"How much time did you spend on your lesson and what did you study?"

Edwin S.—"I read what was in the text and then I spent some time in contemplation."

Mrs. O'Mobile—"Where has the dog gone?"

Mr. O'Mobile—"I dunno."

Mrs. O'Mobile—"I left her here on the hood of the car."

Mr. O'Mobile—"Well, perhaps the radiator, I dunno."

—x—

Margaret Altmiller (In English)—"I can typewrite any of the orations you want because I just take typewriting for exercise."

Bob Keeler—"You can't reduce that way."

—x—

Mr. Leminger—"All of my friends have joined the army."

Helen Herrick—"Oh! over in Germany."

—x—

There ain't no nuttin' much no more

And nuthin' ain't no use to me,

In vain I pace these lonely shore

For I have saw the last of thee.

I seen thy ship upon the deep

And signalled this here last lament,

I haven't did a thing but weep,

Since thou hast went.

Alas, and I ain't one of they

That hasn't got no faith in love

For them fond words of yesterday

They was spoke true by heaven above.

I have gave up all hope of show,

I have gave up all love of home,

But oh! what joy 'twould be to know

That thou hast come.

—x—

Miss B. (to English VIII)—"Even if you are my pet class, you'll have to have a few manners."

Ninety

Mr. Pauley (assigning topics for Reviews)—"Study General Burgoyne, Howe, Cornwallis and General Review of the Revolutionary War."

Edwin S.—"Who was that General Review, an American or a British General?"

—x—

Steve Corboy (to barber)—"How long before you can shave me?"

Barber—"Oh, in about three years."

—x—

Gretchen Marquart (in Chem.)—"What makes it so cold in here?"

Mr. Shafer—"I don't know unless it is the frosted light bulbs."

—x—

In Chem. I

Mike Schroeder had a fancy vest,

He wears that vest no more,

For what he thought was H2O,

Was H2SO4.

—x—

Irene Thompson—"Say, do you know 'Fat' Burns?"

Jess Pratt—"No."

Irene—"Well it does."

—x—

Al. Cloud (In Current Literature)—"I couldn't find anything that was literary."

Miss B.—"Where did you look, down at the Phoenix Club?"

—x—

Mugzy Szold (In Current Events)—"I just read something on those time bombs. You are supposed to throw them when you have counted to five and they go off right away, but one fellow stuttered and he only got to four and ——?"

Florence Griffin (lettering figure in Geometry)—“What comes after Z in the alphabet?”

—x—

Fred Holst—“Say, kid, you’re getting the mumps.”

Isadore Simons—“No, I’m not, I’m just cutting a tooth.”

—x—

Rather Sad

Roses, the color of your lips,

Wrote the lovelorn fellow,

Alas—the florist sealed his fate,

The ones he sent were yellow.

—x—

Peanuts Hersham—“I’m going to be a lawyer.”

Lois Seymour—“Oh, Bernard! Don’t do that! Mother told me never to marry a lawyer.”

—x—

Kathleen Dee (In typewriting)—“When I want to make E’s I always make I’s.”

Harry Albe—“Who at?”

Kathleen—“Not at you.”

—x—

Miss B.—“Dramatic poetry has action in it. Now give an example of a dramatic poem, written by Tennyson.”

Gretchen Marquart—“Isn’t ‘Lady Claire’ a dramatic poem?”

Miss B.—“I suppose you are thinking about the line, ‘He turned and kissed her where she stood.’”

—x—

Mr. Leminger—“Give the principal parts of ‘shiken’.”

Tom Johnson—“‘Shiken’, hen, rooster.”

Tea Pot (At home)—“Mother, listen, I hear my heart beat.”

Mother—“Why, child, that’s the dog wagging his tail on the floor.”

—x—

Miss Reynolds—“Homer wrote the Iliad in Greek.”

Harry Albe—“Greece wasn’t as high then, as it is now, was it?”

—x—

Miss Benney (After John has read one of Riley’s poems)—“What makes you think Riley wrote that?”

Florence Knapp—“It’s a poem that would appeal to a child.”

—x—

Art Gruenert (In Chem. final)—“If I show you this equation will you tell me if it is right?”

Mr. Shafer—“No.”

Art—“Well, then I won’t show you.”

—x—

Constance Parker—“Why do all these words have roots?”

Miss Welty—“I suppose so that they can grow.”

—x—

Jess Pratt (Not having heard one of Mr. S.’s explanations)—“I didn’t hear all that.”

Mr. Shafer—“Why, I thought I made that as plain as A, B, C.”

Jess—“Yes, but I was D, E, F.”

—x—

Mary Arden (In Essay on Milton)—“Milton was a splendid poet who wrote that beautiful poem, ‘Paradise Lost’, and on the death of his wife, wrote ‘Paradise Regained’.”

Ninety-one

(Found on Charlotte Daskam’s oration)—“It is deplorable, the way in which some men do. They find a pretty girl, marry her and then leave her. What can be so sad as to think of a poor lonely mother with her babe, in a great big empty house, rocking her cradle with one foot and wiping tears with the other.”

—x—

Can’t read nuthin’,
Can’t write nuthin’,
Can’t sing nuthin’,
That’s true.

Can’t hear nuthin’,
Can’t see nuthin’,
Can’t think nuthin’,
But you.

Don’t drink nuthin’,
Don’t eat nuthin’,
Don’t find nuthin’,
To do.

Don’t know nuthin’,
Dont’ dream nuthin’,
Don’t love nuthin’,
But you.

Friend’s ain’t nuthin’,
Cash ain’t nuthin’,
Life ain’t nuthin’,
That’s true.

Time ain’t nuthin’,
World ain’t nuthin’,
There ain’t nuthin’,
But you.

Mr. B. (In Geom. 1)—“Mary, did you draw that line accurately or by guess?”
Mary Cobb—“I drew it with a ruler.”

—x—

Mr. Pauley—“How is Central America divided?”

Vera Cole—“By earthquakes.”

—x—

Art Steward—“Say, Freshman, you want to keep your eyes open if you stick around here.”

Ernest Lembke—“Why.”

Art—“Folks will think you’re crazy if you go around with them shut.”

—x—

Mr. Pauley—“What is the difference between a silver certificate and the deed of a house?”

Bob Keeler—“Lots.”

—x—

Miss Brooks—“What is the origin of dollar, where does it come from?”

Mildred Kull—“My pocket.”

—x—

Miss Reynolds—“Have you read Julius Caesar?”

Carrol Sievers—“No.”

Miss R.—“Have you read Ivanhoe?”

Carrol—“No.”

Miss R.—“What have you read?”

Carrol—“I have red hair.”

—x—

Lightus out in parlorum,
Puer kissibus sweet puellorum,
Pater hearibus loud smackorum,
Comibus celeriter cum cluborum,
Puer gettibus hard spankorum,
Swearibus kissibus puella no morum.

Tom Morony (In Eng. test)—“Shall we write all we know?”

Miss Reynolds—“Yes, do.”

—x—

Esther Clapper’s original riddle—“Why is it safe to be out alone on band concert nights?”

Ans.—“Everybody is on the square.”

—x—

Mr. Shafer (When John S. was making a noise)—“Cut out the rattle-box, or I will take it home to the baby, she enjoys such things.”

John—“So do I.”

—x—

Isadore Simons—“Say, have the faculty met yet?”

Bob Winslow—“Sure, they’ve been friends for a long time.”

—x—

Wilma Thurman (having read Leone’s eulogy)—“Why do you tell about Schuman being married?”

Leone—“Why, isn’t that right?”

Wilma—“Why, getting married doesn’t add anything to him.”

—x—

Mr. Leminger—“Wie kommt der Herr?”

Viola Specht—“Nobody, I comb it myself.”

—x—

Mr. Boucher—“Stand a little to one side, Lillian, so we can see your figure.”

—x—

Ruth Blachly—“I know a mosquito that weeps.”

Hulda Ruge—“That’s nothing, I have seen a moth ball.”

In Exams

Oh, never use a pony,
Whatever else you do,
For ponies carry tales, you know,
And they might tell on you.

—x—

Mr. Shafer (Coming in Chemistry room and finding Gretchen S. and Ed. S. sitting together)—“I don’t blame you Ed, but I wouldn’t make her holler like that.”

—x—

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Dear Eds.—How shall I treat a friend who has won my best girl away from me? William S.

Ans.—Don’t treat him at all, Bill, let him buy his own.

—x—

Dear Eds.—I am a young lady, five feet, four inches in height. How long would you advise me to wear my dresses? Lillian T.

Ans.—Dear Miss: If you are economical you will wear them until they are worn out.

—x—

Miss B.—You may recite on your story now.”

Cecil Davidson—“I didn’t understand that was the assignment for today.”

Miss B.—“What did you prepare then?”

Cecil—“Why—nothing.”

—x—

Seniors—“Why is this annual like a girl?”

Lower Classmen—“I don’t know.”

Seniors—“Because every fellow should have one of his own and borrow someone else’s.”



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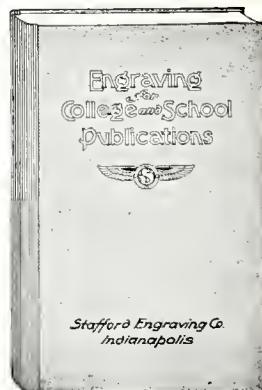
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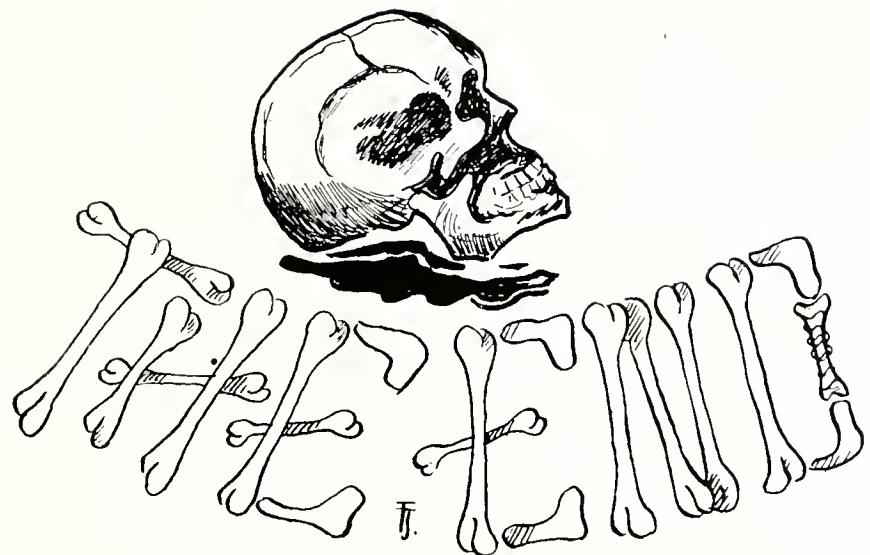
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